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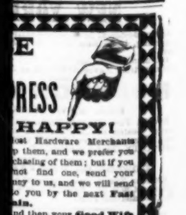

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JOURNAL OF

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Editorial.

FIELD NOTES.

Babies in the Mowing Fields.—There are always some corners in the mowing field that the mower will not reach, and unless they are kept trimmed out by the scythe they will soon grow up to briars and bushes. Some farmers seem to take especial pains to leave a bush that makes its appearance in the mowing field, until it spreads over a large space; he will then at much labor and expense make an effort to root them out. The better way is to destroy every bush the first year it makes its appearance, then a very little labor will destroy the entire root. Simply cutting bushes off may keep the tops back, but the roots in their efforts to recover, will send up numerous sprouts, so that the next year, instead of one bush, there will very likely be a dozen. There is no better time to do this work than immediately after mowing; the farmer frequently has a little spare time at this season, which he cannot improve to better advantage, than in removing from the mowing fields whatever bushes may for the first time appear.

Troublesome Plants.—All undesirable plants should be carefully looked after and destroyed, whether in the cornfields, mowing fields or pastures. The common large thistle (*Lancelotæ cirsium*) being a biennial is very easily disposed of by preventing it from seeding, but the Canada thistle (*Field cirsium*) being a perennia, is not so easy disposed of, but perseverance will do it; it should be cut close to the ground as often as it gets three or four inches high, and if it can be cut just before a good rain it is more likely to die, the water lodging in the hollow of the stem rots the root. Curled dock (*Curled Dumex*) is a very undesirable plant in the mowing field, or any other place on the farm; to get rid of it every root should be pulled up before the seed begins to ripen. The farmer must be on the constant watch for undesirable plants, and destroy them before they get a strong foothold in his fields.

English Turnips.—There are many frost bitten potato fields that might be improved by sowing them with turnips. As the hay crop is short the turnip will come in very acceptably next fall and winter to feed out, especially for sheep. The old rule was to sow turnips the 25th of July, wet or dry; but since we have adopted the practice of liberally manuring our land, and harrowing it in, it is not found necessary to sow the seed quite so early.

Weeding corn.—However well the cornfield may have been cultivated there will always be found some weeds that have escaped the hoe and cultivator; these should receive attention and be pulled before they have ripened their seed, by so doing much labor will be saved, for if they are permitted to ripen the ir seed, it will be several years before the ground will be clean of seed. Every plant permitted to shed its seed will cause twenty times the labor, next year, to destroy the plants that will come from them, that it will to pull the weed up before it has seeded. This is such a self evident fact that it ought to induce every one to go over his fields and pull out the weeds before they seed.

Water.—The importance of good water for cattle is not fully realized by but a very few; therefore large numbers of cattle are compelled to drink water that is covered with a thick slime, or is thick with mud, and too often is made unfit to drink by a partially decayed cat or dog that some thoughtless person has thrown in to drown. In our travels through the fields we often see water thus pollut-d. This ought not to be. Every farmer should make it his business to keep informed of the amount and condition of the water his cattle have to drink; for this purpose he should visit the watering places at least once a week during the hot and dry weather.

INSECTS OF 1884.

While we may regret the great injury done to vegetation by the frosts, there is a crumb of comfort in contemplating the fact that the number of insects injurious to vegetation is much less this year than usual. May this not be one of the rewards which we receive when afflicted by sudden changes in the weather; in fact, may it not, in the economy of nature, be found necessary to reduce insect life by freezing weather; at least it is some satisfaction to believe it may be so.

The canker worms have done much less injury this year than formerly, many orchards having escaped altogether, even where no effort was made to protect the trees.

The tent caterpillars have been still less in numbers than last year.

The rose bugs have been very few indeed, not for many years have they appeared in less numbers.

The currant worm has not appeared in full force; only a few of the first crop made their appearance, and the second was not much more numerous, and the third crop has not appeared at all.

The little striped bug which is so destructive to squash and other vines has appeared in very small numbers, and did not stop but a very few days. Some seasons this bug will stay many weeks, and seriously injure the vines when quite large.

The potato bug seems to care but very little for the extreme sudden changes of the weather, but will sit on a frost bitten potato stalk day after day, patiently awaiting for the roots to send up new shoots upon which to lay eggs for a new generation. Surely this pest of the potato field has a heart that refuses to become cold, and a shell that wards off every danger but Paris green. It now being a settled fact that whatever may be the state of the weather, he is determined to live, man must no longer put any dependence on getting rid of him by atmospheric changes, so he must fortify himself with an unlimited supply of Paris green, and feed him with it, whether the weather be cold or hot, wet or dry, until he turns pale, and so swell with indignation at this new food that his skin becomes altogether too small to hold him, and so he dies.

THE CORN CROP.

The present outlook is not favorable for a full crop of Indian corn; the wet weather and cold nights of May and June were far from favorable for the growth of the young plants. Much of the crop was planted late, but this was no injury, for the early planted made very slow growth, and when the frosts of May 30 and 31 and June 15 came, not only was the growth stopped, but in many localities it was killed nearly or quite to the ground, so it was but little better than the seed. Since the last frost it has made quite rapid growth, even more than could reasonably have been expected; but the first of July found it nearly two weeks late; since that time it has grown quite rapidly, but at the present writing, the middle of the month, it is still very much behind what it usually is, and unless August and September be favorable, the crop must be light. If we do not have an early frost to injure the fodder the crop will not be a total failure, because the fodder of a crop of Indian corn will very nearly pay the expense of growing it, and as the hay crop is short, it will be very much needed.

It is nearly 50 years since the corn crop in this State has been cut off by cold weather, thus making it one of the most certain crops the farmer can grow. It is true there have been some years when the crop has been injured by drouth and by cold, but not entirely destroyed. Last year the crop was somewhat below an average, but even last year the average product per acre was in this State above that of the United States; possibly it may be so this year, but the present outlook does not indicate it.

About the year 1837 the young corn was cut down to the ground the first day of June, and again entirely killed the first day of September, the corn then being in the milk was rendered almost entirely worthless.

Somewhere about the year 1814 the corn crop was entirely destroyed by frosts early in the autumn. It is so rare that the corn crop is destroyed in this State that the fear of it ought not to disturb the farmer or deter him from planting all he can find time to well care for; both the fodder and the grain turnips just the food his cattle need.

REFLECTIONS ON THE GRASS CROP.

(Springfield Republican.)

The rains which have fallen of late make these July days more radiant in beauty and comfortable in temperature than the midsummers of some recent years. While the streams are still low and there is plenty of room for other showers, the farmers are much more hopeful than at the beginning of the month, and the growth of grass, corn potatoes and weeds during the last few days is truly wonderful. Of course the thickening up of grass will not greatly benefit the first crop, which is now being gathered, but it must help the aftermath, although those tillers of the soil who take pleasure in looking on the dark side of life affirm that there will be no second yield worth harvesting. Of late years the tendency has been toward a beginning of haying considerably earlier in the season than what the last generation of grangers regarded as the orthodox time. But the question has come up this season whether if the weather is as dry as it was in June it is not better to exercise patience in the hope of a gain to the crop from midsummer rains. It is generally admitted that there was no growth in the grass between the hard frost and recent rains, and that the shrinking from the usual yield is a third in the most favored localities, on newly seeded and wet lands, to one half on hill tops and old worn fields. A serious loss from such a shortage cannot be readily estimated.

Back on the hills where standing grass often sells as low as $5 a ton $10 is now secured without difficulty. What little old hay is left brings $15 a ton, and the prices near the city are proportionately more. The boarding of young cattle from the valleys through the summer by the hill farmers is usually a source of considerable revenue to them, but now they find it hard work to pull their own herds through, so barren are the pastures. Some of them have lately fallen into the way of boarding city horses by winter, the owners of steeds which are kept mainly for summer pleasure driving being content to pay $1 a week for a big diet in a distant stable while the ground is covered with snow. But within a few days a Cummington farmer has notified a man in this city that his horses must go elsewhere next winter. The price of native stock has gone down considerably since the spring opened, because of expected hay famine, and even blooded animals bring 25 per cent. less. This change may benefit some meat buyers for a time, as everything fit to kill is being hurried into market, but of course in the end higher prices are likely to rule. Part of the farmers are buying wheat bran for winter use at $16.50 a car-load, and others send orders for old hay. Millet, fodder corn, turnips and cabbages are being freely sown and set, to piece out deficiencies as far as possible. Apples, peaches and pease are likely to be scarce in this immediate vicinity. Blueberries are plentiful.

☞ The best place to store honey is in a dry, hot, well-ventilated room. It kept in a cellar it gets watery and oozes from the cells. Do not allow colonies to swarm three or four times, as there would be little or no income excepting from the first. If the queen cells are cut out and the second swarm returned then there will be two large colonies, and surplus may be expected. If bees are the object sought in lieu of honey, then build up these after-swarms by giving them frames of shipping brood and honey from strong colonies. If left to themselves they generally perish the following winter.—[Mrs. Harrison, in Prairie Farmer.

☞ A tomato canner of fifteen years' experience has discovered the secret of the poisoning cases reported from eating canned tomatoes. He says when the can is opened and only a portion of the contents removed the air acts in some way upon the tin and develops the poison. The can should be emptied all at ones, and such portion of the contents as is not used should be put into an earthern dish.

☞ The very best soil for the peach is a rich, deep, sandy loam; next to this a strong mellow loam; then a light, thin, sandy soil, and the poorest is a heavy, compact clay soil.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answer through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by full name of the correspondent.

"CHESS" OR "CHEAT" GRASS.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Please tell me the name of the inclosed grass in your next *Ploughman*. Would it be a good grass to grow? Yours,

July 5, 1884. EAST HOLLISTON.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I inclose sample of grass grown by one of my neighbors. He found a few spears of the grass three years ago and saved the seed and sowed it in the fall and it grew well, headed out the next season, and he saved the seed again and sowed, say half of an acre, last fall, of low swampy land and a piece of gravelly knoll, and the growth, as you see, is large—say two and one-half tons to the acre. Can you tell me the name of the grass, and is it valuable for feed? There seems to be no one here that has seen such grass before. Yours very truly, J. A.

Putnam, Conn., July 7th, 1884.

The samples of grasses, from different sources, accompanying the two questions above, are evidently Willard's Bromus, Chess, Cheat, (*Bromus secalinus*). Mr. Flint, in his "Report on Grasses" to the Board of Agriculture, says of this grass: "Nothing more clearly illustrates the want of accurate knowledge of subjects intimately connected with agriculture, and immediately affecting the farmers' interest, than the history of the introduction and propagation of this worthless pest to our grain fields. It has been heralded in the papers, in connection with the names of distinguished friends of agriculture, with the earnest hope that it might receive extended trials. Monstrous prices have been charged and paid by the unsuspecting farmer for its seed, in many cases four and five dollars a bushel, a pledge being exacted that it should not be allowed to go to seed, for a reason, probably that will soon appear. Committees of agricultural societies have been invited to examine and report upon it; and in a letter now lying before me, the disinterested propagator very kindly offers to put up ten barrels of bromus seed for 100 dollars, saying, that 'of course the earliest applicants will be sure of obtaining until all is gone, which would scarcely give a barrel to a State,' * * * *

Mr. Flint continues: "It is annecessary to say that "cheat" is a troublesome weed to the farmer, especially when it appears in his grain fields. It is an early grass, but the quantity of herbage, and especially its quality, make it unfit for cultivation. Indeed, the only species of any value, or at all fit for cultivation, belonging to this large genus of grasses, is the Bromus aruensis, and even this has been discarded from modern agriculture." Such a character from an authority so high, should make any one hesitate to introduce it upon any portion of his farm; if already introduced, he should cut it green that it may not ripen its seed.—[ED.

PRECAUTIONS AGAINST DROUGHT

(Philadelphia Record.)

While we cannot influence the rainfall we can, at least, mitigate the effects of drought to a certain extent by the proper preparation and cultivation of the soil. It is a well known fact that when the soil is kept in a loose, fine, friable condition it not only absorbs moisture from the atmosphere, especially at night, but allows of the downward course of the water during showers instead of a loss by flowing off, as is the case when the surface is hard. A loose, deep soil also permits an upward tendency of water by capillary attraction, the loose soil thus storing moisture by its greater power of apsorption when rains are abundant. We therefore find in time of severe drought that the frequent use of the cultivator, even when the soil apparently does not require working, is very beneficial, the greenish tinge of the growing corn giving evidence that the constant stirring of the soil enables the crop to derive a certain proportion of moisture that it would not otherwise obtain.

The leaves of plants give off moisture very rapidly. When we sprinkle a plant with water the moisture is not absorbed by the leaves, as many suppose, but it arrests temporarily, the rapid evaporation that constantly takes place, which is greater when the season is very warm. We may safely compare a growing plant to a pump, which brings the moisture from below and discharges it from the leaves. The moisture is collected by the roots, which spread in every direction, and the amount of moisture given off in a day by a plant, as corn, for instance, is very great. We cannot, of course, water a field of corn, but we can at least lessen the amount of water which it gives off. The warmer the soil, the more active the plant in search of moisture. Among the agencies used for assisting to retain moisture is plaster, which absorbs the moisture to a certain degree, from the atmosphere. Any material that serves as a mulch will impart great benefit to a growing crop, not only by preventing the evaporation of moisture from the soil, but also by keeping the earth cool. The only method known, however, for securing the largest proportion of moisture is, as we stated, the deep, constant and thorough pulverization of the soil.

There is another fact to be considered. Weeds and grass also give off moisture, and every weed that grows by the side of a plant intended for cropping deprives the desired plant of moisture. Sometimes the weed or blade of grass requires more moisture than the plant, and flourishes, while the plant dies. Clean cultivation, therefore, prevents the robbery of the plant of moisture, by destroying weeds and grass. As two plants of the same kind growing together are rivals, the one struggling against the other for supremacy in procuring food and moisture, we should be cautious not to have too many plants to the hill. If danger occurs during drouth thin out every plant that can be spared in order that the stronger and more thrifty may have better opportunities to mature. A clean surface and deep tillage will often save a crop, that would otherwise be lost during a dry season.

IMPORTANCE OF SALT.

(Farmer's Tribune.)

Salt is necessary to the health of all vegetable eating animals. Those living exclusively on flesh get the saline matters contained therein, and consequently do not need salt. Scientific investigations have proved that a portion of the blood consists of common salt. This is continually evolved through the kidneys and pores of the skin. The bile and cartilages of the body contain soda, one of the constituents of salt. If the supply is cut off digestion cannot be properly carried on, and the animal suffers. Farm animals should always have a supply of this necessary mineral, that they may take it at will, in which case they will not eat more than they naturally require. This is the season of the year when the stock is in the pastures and as the grass is fresh, salt is perhaps relished by stock more than at most any other season of the year.

☞ An excellent crop of apples is expected in Wisconsin.

The Horse.

HINTS FOR YOUNG HORSEMEN.

Never pass behind a horse in the stable or place your hand upon him in the stall without first speaking to him. You may save life or limb by bearing this in mind. Be kind in word and manner to all horses. Do not whip even a "contrary" or balky horse; make him forget his ill or stubborn intent in some way, such as putting a little dry dirt in his mouth, or wrapping a mitten of newspaper about one or both ears; in studying to know what it means he soon forgets his notion of stopping, and at the prompt, decided, but not angry voice of his master, he moves along. In case of any accident do not shout or appear frightened; your excitement will at once be communicated to the horse. Instead, you should pacify and reassure him with firm, kind tones.

Form a habit of glancing all over your horse and harness before starting from the door. It may save life. In the winter be sure and have the bits covered with cloth or leather. On the road you may go pretty fast down hill and on level ground, if you are a good driver, but don't hurry up hill; never do so with a load; short pulls and rests by "trigging the wheels" will prolong the service of your horse.—[Chicago Herald.

☞ The descriptive words "colts" and hacks," as applied to particular types of horses, are of limited use in this country, and some of our readers seem to suppose that they are used to designate certain breeds that are known by these names. This is a mistake. The terms are not used to designate a breed, but to indicate the type of an animal, in size and conformation, no difference what his blood or whether he has any blood. A "colt" is a short legged, stout, block and compactly built animal, varying in height from thirteen hands three inches to fourteen hands three inches. The "hack" is the same type of animal, varying in height from fourteen hands three inches to fifteen hands three inches. The hack is larger than the colt and the colt is larger than the pony, and the sizes we have indicated are after the best English usage. The Morgan horse, in his original type, would have been the Englishman's true ideal of the colt.—[Wallace's Monthly.

Horticulture.

BLACK KNOT EASILY REMEDIED.

We have had some experience with this disease for the past fifty years, and know of no fruit-tree malady that is so easily managed. All that is necessary is to keep watch and cut it away on its first green appearance. Do not wait for it to become black, and especially do not follow the feeble directions which some have published to examine and cut away once a year; although if neglected a year it may not be too late to take it vigorously in hand. If on small shoots or branches, cut them wholly away, but on larger limbs carefully cut out and wash the wound with petroleum, kerosene and chloride of lime. Any tree may be thus cured, if not already thoroughly infested with it. The cut branches must be burned. By taking it promptly and in time the labor is almost nothing and the cure certain. It is only when trees are allowed to become covered with it that the only remedy is to grub them up.—[Purdy's Fruit Recorder.

COAL ASHES FOR CURRANT BUSHES.

Members of the Elmira, N. Y., Farmers' Club recently talked about the uses of coal ashes. Mr. Swan, of Geneva, puts them about the stems of currant bushes to the depth of six or more inches, spreading them over a space three or four feet in diameter. He has no trouble from the currant worm. Quince trees similarly treated are not attacked by borers. Mountain ash trees on the lawn are protected in the same way. An instance was mentioned of a tree ten or twelve inches in diameter, thrift visible in the branches and foliage, and of another tree not more than three or four rods distant in the same lawn. The trees set at the same time, and all the conditions so far as known similar, except that coal ashes were not applied about the body. It was not half the size of the other.

AGRICULTURAL ITEMS.

☞ Salt the stock once a week—not necessarily on Sunday.

☞ Ventilation, and plenty of it at this season is very essential, not only in the stables, but also in the barn.

☞ Place corn cobs, dipped in coal tar, among the cucumber vines to drive away the striped bug.

☞ Horses as well as boys enjoy the evening bath. They are profited by it if lasting only a few minutes, and they are subsequently rubbed dry.

☞ Sow the summer varieties of spinach at any time from April to August. For a winter crop sow from August to September in light, sandy soil in drills.

☞ The best authorities on the subject are of the opinion that wool will not go lower in the eastern markets this season.—[Stockman.

☞ For vegetables, fruit, rye, buckwheat, beans, etc., there is nothing like a sandy soil, especially if it is made rich and well cultivated.

☞ Grass that will fatten a beef steer ought to fatten mutton, and there would be more fat mutton if sheep were not closly herded.

☞ Kerosene is better than crude petroleum to use for the purpose of softening and clearing out the gummed and hardened oil in the boxes of mowers and reapers.

☞ See that the tomato vines are well staked, and pinch off the shoots occasionally in order to render them stocky. A vine is usually very prolific, and if well managed only a few are necessary for a full supply.

☞ Good horses are bringing better prices in all parts of the country than they have commanded since the war, and poor horses were never so unsalable as compared with the best as they are to day. A farmer who breeds a good mare to a good horse will have a sure and profitable market for his colt. But it will not pay to bother with inferior stock.—[Weekly Press.

☞ George W. Wair, a practical gardener, gives the following directions for killing bugs: Take the leaves and stems of the tomato plant and boil them in water until the juice is all extracted. When the liquid is cold it is to be sprinkled over the plants attacked with insects, when it at once destroys caterpillars, black and green flies, gnats, lice and other enemies to vegetables, and in no way impairs the growth of the plants. A peculiar odor remains and prevents insects from coming again for a long time. Everybody give it a trial and see how nice it works.

☞ In Colorado alone there are on the ranges to-day no less than 20,000 bulls, the price of which ranges from $40 to $500 each, and not a broad-horn or Texan is allowed to range there, owing to a law preventing anything but high grade or full blood males from ranging. It requires no less than 5000 each year to keep up the supply; therefore, Texas and Montana require each as many as Colorado, while Western Nebraska, Wyoming, Idaho and Utah require one-half as many each, making the yearly consumption not less than 25,000 head of bulls, worth, at the low estimate of $50 each, $1,250,000.

The Dairy.

HOW TO MAKE GOOD BUTTER.

(Philadelphia Record.)

On every farm butter is made, but every farm has its own system of manufacture, the butter being churned perhaps in the same manner on a majority of them, but the process of gathering the cream, the length of time in setting the milk, and the temperature at which the work of churning is done varies greatly. Bad butter is more common than good, and not because the farmers do not try to make good butter, or are careless, as has been charged against them since oleomargarine came into use, but because the appliances at the creameries enable better butter to be made now than was done formerly. It is the comparison of the farmer's butter with that made by the aid of superior modern improvements which places them at a disadvantage. Leaving out the separator which separates the milk from the cream as soon as it is drawn from the cow, attention is drawn to the fact that at the creamery the principal implement is the thermometer, which is found in but few dairies. Without the use of a thermometer butter making becomes a work of chance. It may be good or it may not, with the advantages in favor of a poor article.

Cream should be allowed forty-eight hours on an average during which to ripen, and thirty-six hours is sufficient for it to set before being gathered. Of course, where there have been several milkings the period of ripening will be longer, but the average should be as stated. It should be kept at a temperature of 55 deg, and the cream and churn should be about 64 deg. when the churning is done. The common supposition that while churning the air must be forced into the cream in order to have the butter come is no longer accepted by experts, but the object is to agitate the cream in such manner as to throw it against the sides of the churn in order that the force or concussion may separate the milk from the particles or granules of butter, which process, when completed, is all that is necessary Churns are now constructed for that purpose which dispense with the darher and other machinery, all that is necessary being to revolve the churn and allow the butter to constantly fall to the bottom. The buttermilk is then drawn off, the necessary amount of salt added and the churn revolved again, when the butter is then taken out. Often by this plan no after working is required.

It is no injury to wash the butter with clear water. The flavor of butter is in its oil, principally due to butyric acid, while the tallow solidifies it. As oil and water will not mix, the washing with water removes all traces of the milk sometimes without the necessity of working the butter. If it be necessary to work the butter let it be done by pressure against the sides of the vessel, and not by sliding the paddle in it, as is done when a trowel is used for kneading mortar. When churning, should the milk foam or the butter be slow in coming, try the temperature with the thermometer. If it be too warm or too cool in the churn raise or lower the temperature with warm or cold water. Look to the temperature frequently, as it may save a large proportion of the labor. Do not churn any longer than sufficiently to have the butter come, as the butter is injured by overchurning. When the butter appears it should be in the shape of small granules, about the size of grains of wheat, and should be at once well washed with cold water, salted and carefully packed away. Those who make butter pay more attention to the firmness of it than to the flavor, but it is easy enough to make firm butter without the delicate flavor which brings the highest price. The flavor is everything, for upon it depends the quality. After salting and placing the butter away there will be traces of milk in a day or two, which is easily removed by a second working. If preferred, the butter may be placed away without salting by pouring brine over it. One ounce of salt is sufficient for a pound of butter, and as but few brands are free from foreign substances only the purest and best should be used.

☞ Butter is in the cream in the form, principally, or particles of fat, inclosed in a membraneous covering, the whole called a globule. The particle of fat has an individual structure. This structure may, by the force of heat or friction be destroyed. To save it in its natural form is to "preserve the grain." Butter with a perfect, or natural grain, has many essential qualities that give it value. It has a finer color, and a clear, waxy appearance, unctious taste, and a good keeping quality. The melting point of butter, upon which mainly depends its keeping quality when subjected to a high temperature, depends, in turn, mainly upon its structure or grain. If butter, on its way to the consumers is to be exposed to the influence of heat, it must have its structure preserved, in other words, it must have a good 'grain'.—[The Provisioner.

Floriculture.

CHRYSANTHEMUMS.

(Germantown Independent.)

There are but few plants more satisfactory in their season than chrysanthemums. We could not do without geraniums, coleus and the many other decorative plants of summer, but chrysanthemums, coming into bloom as they do after the summer months are past, occupy a place peculiarly their own. They are easily grown planted out of doors in the spring: and even when wanted in pots in the fall the planting out is no hindrance, as they can easily be lifted and potted before they come into flower. To get bushy specimens, with abundance of bloom, the plants should be pinched in as they grow. From June until the first of August, the stopping of the growth, by pinching off the points, may be continued. By that time the plants will be quite bushy and should be let grow on to form flower buds. Chrysanthemums love moisture and rich soil. The former keeps the leaves perfect, and prevents the plants becoming bare of leaves below, generally the sure sign of starvation, from the lack of water or good food. When desired for indoor decoration, dig them up about the first of October, pot them and water them well, and place in the shade for a few days, after which they may be treated as ordinary plants are. The summer season is when these plants need attention to their wants For this care they amply reward us in November.

☞ Maine farmers have good reason to feel cheerful. A large fruit crop is assured. The condition of corn is favorable. The potato bug will do no mischief, this year. Produce continues to command good prices. The hay crop will be about two-thirds as large as usual, but the price probably will be enough better than it has been for a year past, to more than make up the difference. The influx of summer visitors will create a prodigious demand for Maine chickens, butter and eggs, this summer, and the Maine farmer ought to be happy.—[Lewiston Journal.

☞ If you are having trouble with the quality of your butter, just take down the scythe from the old apple tree and march out into the pasture, and stay there until you have cut down every weed you can find. There is no weed known to botany that makes good milk; they are the natural enemies of every product of the farm, and to dairy products in particular.—[American Dairyman.

Correspondence.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

"STRAWBERRIES."

BY CHARLES M. HOVEY.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I presume the *Ploughman* is eager to introduce to the notice of its readers all the new and fine varieties of this fruit in which so many cultivators are interested. I only regret that I cannot add much in this respect to your columns. I think it was in the *Ploughman* or at some of the discussions before the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, that I made some remarks in regard to new strawberries as well as new flowers, which was construed by one gentleman to mean that I did not regard the production of seedlings as an unmixed benefit. My language was plain enough, as I stated that it was the *introduction* and not the production; for he knew as well as many more that after ransacking Europe for every pear, apple and cherry known, until I had more than a thousand kind of the former in my collection; and selecting personally so far as I travelled as long ago as 1844, every hardy tree and shrub to be found in the English and Continental nurseries. With a catalogue as long ago as 1850, with 1400 varieties of Roses, I thought I had spent about money enough for so many worthless things and it was nearly time to stop.

So it was with the strawberry. In 1830 I had *twenty* varieties, in 1843 *fifty* varieties, and from that time up to 1869 I never had less than *fifty* varieties under cultivation, and yearly set before my friends and the members of the fruit committee of the Mass. Horticultural Society for trial not less than forty kinds, sometimes more. This year my number was *twenty*, but some sorts were nearly gone by. Not a single variety of any reputation was omitted from my collection for more than thirty years. It was my duty, as it was a pleasure, to test all the new kinds and give an account of their merits or demerits in the Magazine of Horticulture. But when that paper was transferred to Tilton's famous Horticultural Journal, I had no further cause to spend valuable time and be at large expense to continue the addition of the thousand and one varieties coming into notice. I then threw all away except Chas. Downing, Hovey's Seedling, Boston Pine, La Constante, Jenny Lind, Triomph de Gand, Brighton Pine, and three or four more, and since then, some dozen or more years, I have not added a score of American kinds to my collection. Indeed the only ones I can recall are Moore's 4 Seedlings, Sharpless, Manchester, Mount Vernon, Pioneer, Duchess, Bidwell, Jas. Vick, Jersey Queen, Big Bob, the last four only one year ago. The introduction of La Constante, which I received from M. Gloede, was the greatest acquisition of the last forty years.

A reunion of my old friends, who so many years ago gathered together to taste and try the qualities of strawberries, as well as the company of younger men—among whom I was pleased to recognize the Editor of the *Ploughman*—tempts me to say a few words about strawberries as they were tried by yourself and others. It is such a common remark that "Mr. Hovey thinks there is no strawberry so good as the Seedling," that I would like to let you know what some other people think about it to-day (1884), and though I intend one of your contemporaries to have it in full, I will give you a portion of one of a dozen similar letters received within *one year*.

"Twenty-five years ago I found an old Massachusetts Worcester man here, with Hovey's Seedling Strawberry, which I cultivated for years and now think the best strawberry I ever found in the West. It is like New England, sure and steadfast. I sacrificed it, in an evil hour, for some humbug varieties, with the next best McAvoy's Superior. . . . I have cultivated 76 varieties with very indifferent success—sometimes at a cost of $3.00 a plant. The Manchester is a humbug here. Jas. Vick better but not very promising."—Illinois, April 1884.

I could give you more of the same sort, but as I said, they are engaged.

Now let me say a few words about strawberries as you and I tried them the other day.

1. *Jersey Queen.* Certainly one of the poorest strawberries ever introduced. There is no fault to be found with its size or its productiveness, so far as a small bed planted one year ago was a test. It is also late. These are its merits. Its demerits are that it is pale in color, flat in shape, and without flavor, neither sweet nor sour but insipid.

2. *Jas. Vick,* heralded as the wonder of strawberries; as Barnum says the "greatest on earth." Well, it does make a big show at first, but peters out pretty quick; as to flavor it is not so bad as the Wilson, not so sour, and holds its fruit up better from the ground. I should feel very strawberry hungry to care for more than a taste.

3. *Big Bob.* Col. Wilder has entered his protest against such outlandish names, but as the boy said when his kite wouldn't go up, "the bob was too heavy." So I think of the Bob strawberry, it has neither vigor, productiveness or quality, and will sink out of sight with its own weight.

4. *Manchester,* as the old saying is, "it will do for market," poor enough, but that is of no consequence. Bears tolerably well, vigorous grower, fair size, poor quality; answers well enough for city people.

5. *Bidwell.* Great show and only moderate results; another variety that will do well for the market; good color, fairly productive, long pointed berry, rather acid, but on the whole a fair berry, and one that will pay for picking, which cannot be said of many of the new kinds.

6. *Sharpless.* Really a very meritorious berry, large, but ill shaped, certainly without beauty, but a vigorous grower, hardy, and a good bearer; fair quality and carries very well. Its faults are that it lacks color, is coarse and spongy in texture, not acid, but is wanting in richness: as a berry for general cultivation, and for market it is likely to displace the Chas. Downing, so long a favorite; its size giving it the preference, while its quality is about the same. I put it down as a decided gain, if not the only berry of any real value introduced the last twenty years. This is about the end of my list for 1884.

"FARM LAW."

BY JUDGE BENNETT.

(Republished from the *Ploughman* at the request of many subscribers, and revised by a pamphlet edition lately issued by the Massachusetts Society for Promoting Agriculture.)

[Continued from last week.]

CHAPTER X.

Farmer's Animals.

Passing from the subject of cattle straying away, and doing damage on other people's grounds, we have next to consider how far the farmer is liable for their good behavior in the public street, or even on his own premises. It is clear enough, that if a vicious horse by the city sidewalk suddenly nips a piece out of your coat-sleeve as you are passing by, and his owner knew his habits, he is bound to pay the tailor's bill whereas if he only frightens you, and makes you jump, you have no redress, for that is what the law calls *damnum absque injuria.* This is an innocent expression in itself, but, if you give an excited utterance to it, a bystander might think you were indulging in forbidden language!

It may not be generally understood that if a man turns his animals loose in the public highway, and they injure the person or property of another lawfully using the way, the owner is responsible for all damages they may do, whether he knew they had any dangerous disposition or not. He had no right to let his cattle run loose in the public highway. In one instance a farmer's old black sow was wallowing in the gutter by the side of the road, and frightened a horse, and threw a young lady out of the carriage; the farmer was held liable, although he did not know the animal was at large. In another instance a man let his horse go out to feed in a public place where some very young children were playing, and some of them began to switch him, whereupon he turned and kicked one of them so that he died, and the owner was convicted of manslaughter. Had he known the animal was dangerous, it might have been more serious with him, since, in the Mosaic law, it was declared that if the owner of an ox knew that it pushed with its horns, and did not keep it in, and it killed a man or woman, not only the ox, but also the owner, was put to death.

And now as to his liability for animals on his own premises. Every owner of a dangerous or vicious animal known to be such, is liable for all injury he may do to another, even though the latter is at the time trespassing on the former's premises. If, therefore, a man, while hunting through your woods on Sunday, is attacked and bitten by your savage dog, you must pay for the pound of flesh, although you did not set him on. You should have posted up the advice of St. Paul,—BEWARE OF DOGS. And in like manner, if a boy, while robbing an orchard, is tossed by a vicious bull into the boughs of the apple tree overhead, the owner is as much liable in law to pay for the boy's tor

has a small garden, to grow their own strawberries and in doing so, not to listen to market gardeners, when selecting varieties, nor to those who are always looking for something new, but get some of the old established varieties, that the flavor is known to be good, and are of a form that can be hulled easily when picked from the vine.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, JULY 19, 1884.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

TWENTY-FIRST ANNUAL FAIR.

To be held in MANCHESTER, N. H., Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5, 1884.

To the Farmers, Breeders, Mechanics, Manufacturers and Artisans of New England:

The New England Agricultural Society will hold its Twenty-First Annual Fair in connection with the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society, in the city of Manchester, N. H., on the 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th and 5th days of September, 1884.

The city of Manchester is centrally located, and is easily reached by rail from all parts of New England. It is a manufacturing city of immense importance, and has had a growth in wealth and population almost unprecedented in the history of New England cities. The City Government, as well as the citizens generally, is earnestly engaged in promoting the Fair.

The New England and New Hampshire Societies join in extending an earnest entreaty to all persons interested in the welfare and prosperity of the country; in the development of labor and labor saving machinery; in the building up of men and women in the highest walks of social and progressive life, to join in the great work of contributing the best of their products to the making up of this exhibition.

DANIEL NEEDHAM,
Secretary New England Agricultural Society, 46 Milk Street, Boston.

AARON YOUNG,
Secretary N. H. State Agricultural Society, Portsmouth, N. H.

Boston, July 5, 1884.

THE RAILROADS AND THE NEW ENGLAND FAIR.

Arrangements have been made with the following railroads for transportation of exhibits and passengers to and from the New England Fair, to be held in Manchester, Sept. 1, 2, 3, 4 and 5, 1884, at half regular freight rates, payment one way to be made in advance, *return free* at owner's risk. Passengers can purchase round trip tickets for fare one way, coupon Fair ticket added.

Concord Railroad and branches.
Manchester and Lawrence Railroad.
Boston and Maine Railroad.
Northern Railroad and branches.
Concord and Claremont.
Passumpsic Railroad.
Boston, Concord and Montreal.
White Mountain Railroad.
Worcester, Nashua and Rochester.
Boston and Lowell.
Manchester and Keene.
Wilton.
Central Vermont and branches.
Providence and Worcester.
Old Colony, (exhibits only.)

The King of Abyssinia has sent Queen Victoria an elephant, as a token of amity.

It has been decided to begin operations for the relief of Khartoum early in September.

Professor Packard, acting president of Bowdoin College, Me., died of heart disease last Sunday.

The death rate in Boston is lower than for several summers past. The number of deaths among children is unusually small.

The National Educational Association, in session for the past week at Madison, Wisconsin, drew together some three thousand teachers.

A great popular demonstration was held in Hyde Park last Sunday, in favor of the London municipal reform bill. There were 20,000 persons present.

There was more or less rioting in Ireland on Saturday last, the anniversary of the Battle of the Boyne, on the occasion of the appearance of processions of Orangemen.

The Canadian court has refused to surrender to the United States authorities the fugitive Eno, the defaulting ex-president of the Second National Bank of New York, and he has accordingly been set at liberty.

Dr. Koch, the German cholera expert, has arrived at Lyons, France. He thinks the cholera will reach there, but that it will appear in a milder form, owing to the excellent drainage of the city. The sanitary condition of Paris is pronounced good.

The Paris correspondent of the American Register says it is reported that the Bartholdi statue was originally destined, under the name of "Progress," for the Suez Canal, but being refused by the promoters of the canal it was sold at a reduced price to the Franco-American Union.

The great raft of spars from New York, from the Susquehannah River by way of that city, reached East Boston on 30th inst. The raft was 700 feet in length at starting, and 500 feet when it reached here. The wood is left all along the coast as wanted. Different tugs are used for different sections of the journey.

A PANIC AMONG MILLIONAIRES.

This time, the panic has struck the millionaires of Wall street and vicinity. Hitherto, it has been only the men of comparatively modest financial resources who have been swept away. But the scene changes. The tables are turned. It is the reputed rich, the very millionaires themselves, who have been failing. And, strange to say, the spectacle in no way affects ordinary business affairs, but is confined in its influence to the stock market. Those who had enormous holdings of stocks which were "way up" in price have had them shrink at a fearful rate on their hands, and do not actually know whether they are finally coming out of the crucible positively poor men or not. It is predicted that this long list of stricken millionaires will be a much longer one before the summer is over. No doubt a great part of all this financial tumult was inevitable from the very high figures at which leading stocks were held and the very large watering to which they had been subjected. Such matters always tend to right themselves. Yet the occurrence begets for the time a loss of confidence in all descriptions of shares, and has the effect to make all men hesitate as to what is the safest course for investment. At such a time the general feeling becomes one of uncertainty, if not of apprehension.

The striking peculiarity of what has been witnessed is this, that while the men of very large nominal accumulations have been shrinking or disappearing, the country at large is not suffering in any way, however much some people may speculate on what is likely to happen. There are none of those evidences of dissatisfaction among working men, that have formerly excited so much anxiety. Consumption goes on as usual, and in a rapidly increasing ratio. The crops the country over promise the largest abundance, and this is something to stay up public confidence at any time. Wheat never was so large a crop in this country as the present year, and corn and cotton are quite all that could be wished. The only dark spot in the country seems to be Wall street; and even that will brighten up sensible when the operators have taken time to consider the situation. Only two years ago, the men who are now the most depressed were the cheeriest and best satisfied. The harvesting of the crops will doubtless bring about an improved state of things, and from next fall onward a change for the better may confidently be expected. We are a very numerous people, and our wants must be satisfied as usual. So long as the earth continues to yield her increase the stock market cannot seriously affect the condition of the people of the country.

THE NEW ENGLAND AGRICULTURAL FAIR FOR 1884.

Only six weeks intervene to the Agricultural Fair of New England at Manchester. It is but a short time for adequate preparation on the part of the farmers, and for the concentration of the various forces that must operate in unison in order to assure the success which has uniformly attended the annual efforts of the managers of the New England Agricultural Society for the past score of years. Usually it has not been until the lapse of the midsummer season that the work of kindling the necessary enthusiasm for this great event has been seriously begun; but this year the presence of the two great political parties in the field tends to generate the electricity of feeling in the air, and in New Hampshire, where the coming Fair is to be held, the struggle is expected to be an exciting one and the issue to be strongly contested. With such a reservoir of stimulating influences at hand, the project of a great Fair of agriculture is inevitably made to move in sympathy, and we witness all the evidences of activity which in any other year would manifest themselves only at a later period.

All forms of enthusiasm are contagious and closely related. Political excitements are capable of moving the farmers to think of earlier activity in their competitive projects at a proposed public exhibition of agriculture. But it is the welcome province of the latter to absorb all that turns to passion in political contests, and direct it to results of only a friendly rivalry and a really ennobling ambition. In a country that, like our own, rests wholly on popular government, agriculture thus becomes the actual reconciler of all differences and the salvation from all excesses. Here at least is common ground for all men and all parties to stand on without the least manifestation of hostility. If men of all parties are patriots when the safety of their common country is menaced, no less are they friends and brethren when the mother of all industries and the supporter of all interests appeals to them to come and rally around its peaceful cause. There is, in fact, no factor of equal potency in our entire fabric of government and society as agriculture. It is capable of reconciling all feuds. It can heal all differences. It charms men out of their passionate and positive moods into the far more desirable state of neighborliness and fraternity.

Such will prove to be the work of the New England Agricultural Society this year. It will put to united service the distracting elements instead of suffering interruption from them. This alone is enough to elevate its office in the esteem of all true and good citizens. In the heat of a political strife that engages every community in New England, it will show how to subordinate rivalry to good feeling and to subject the spirit of contest to the higher one of fellowship. And the fruits of such a competition are only pleasant, with no regretful flavors left on the palate. They are a stimulated productive industry, an improvement in the methods of cultivating the soil, a progressive spirit in agriculture that leads to permanent prosperity, and the general diffusion of contentment and happiness that invites an end to all manner of unfriendly differences. What cause can be named that wields such a rich and varied influence as this? What other existing interest can claim the ability to perform such a beneficent service as this? Agriculture is truly the mother of all the other interests that cluster about our civilization. We are all of us yet to realize as never before that to it we are indebted for government, social state, invention, trade, commerce, and all things that make existence possible and the pursuits of life desirable.

FOREST DESTRUCTION.

The international forestry exhibition opened in London on the 1st inst. The London Times in its mention of it says, that centuries will scarcely repair the havoc wrought by fifty years of unrestrained arboricide on the Alps, the Pyrenees, the Appenines, in Scotland, Ireland, Denmark and North America. Half Spain has been reduced to a parched desert by the insanity, though of longer standing than this single century, which denuded its sierras of their shade. Italy totters on the brink of a similar fate as the result of more recent folly. Ireland, as was lately explained, has been impoverished by the destruction of sheltering foliage. Vast tracts of Jutland have been changed into heathery wastes by the felling of the pines. In North America, settlers acted as if timber were a mere incumbrance and obstruction. Since it has been admitted to be commercially of value, its fortune has been almost worse. The population has regarded its forests as a mine of which the proper destiny was to be straightway severed from the soil. For twenty years after the appropriation of California by the United States, the hatchet raged with fury against the noblest woods in the universe. In defiance of laws it continues vindictive attacks.

Fear for the supply of fuel brought the first pause in the devastation of Europe. Frenchmen and Germans began to be alarmed that cutting without planting must end in nothing to burn. In this country, which could dispense with wood as fuel, a similar return to common sense proceeded from a discovery that soil incapable of agriculture might give a profit as woodland. Only gradually has the more important discovery been made, or popularized, that trees may be in the highest degree profitable though they be neither timber or fuel. A mass of irreparable evidence has demonstrated that trees play a part in the economy of nature for which no equal substitute can be found. Coal may supplant wood as fuel. Iron may replace teak and pine in shipyards. Danish peasants may do without wooden clogs, and authors may learn to dip their pens in other gall than that from the oak. Nature very seldom arrives at an effect in one way without leaving room for human ingenuity to accomplish it in another. Some natural processes are at once so beneficent and so complex that for man not to avail himself of them as they are is to sacrifice irretrievably the most manifest advantage. Nature fits up in every wood a perfect laboratory auxiliary to the ends for which the farmer labors. Agriculture which strips a country of wood condemns itself to the superfluous cost of trying, with a success at best only partial, to create artificial alternatives. The Laputan condensers of sunbeams out of cucumbers were not more foolish than the exterminators in the Old World and the New of the vegetable reservoirs otherwise styled forests.

The whole case is here stated with the utmost brevity, clearness and effect. It is high time that this matter be better understood. The parching fields, failing streams, and long droughts, with the increasing necessity for artificial irrigation, tell a story that could with difficulty be made any more impressive.

ENCOURAGING WORDS.

Many people fall into a habit of thinking and saying that business of all kinds must necessarily be dull during the pendency of a presidential campaign. That is to say, that once in four years the industrial and trade interests of the country must lie down and take a rest. The notion is but a notion, however, and careful examination will show that it is not sustained by the facts. If a presidential election were a crisis, as a periodical struggle for the chief magistracy in Mexico is, then the statement might have a good deal of truth in it. Aside from political excitement, there are other causes, and natural ones, to render general business sluggish for the time. But that very sluggishness is a healthy symptom. It is when business is dull and stocks are falling that people are hiving the most money. They spend less of what they earn, even if what they earn is less; and that saving is what constitutes the fund from which to draw for future enterprise. A period of thrift, prudent management and true economy cannot be a bad thing for any people. Those who are seeking to launch speculative ventures and to distribute inflated stock properties may think it bad for themselves, but that is quite enough to show that it is good for the country at large. We may therefore, depend upon it that we are doing well when, besides being industrious, we are likewise economical.

THE SPREAD OF THE CHOLERA

When victims are falling at the rate of eighty a day, it may as well be assumed that cholera is epidemic and of a positively fatal type. The French in Marseilles and London are fleeing in every direction with great precipitancy, and are sure to carry the infection wherever they go. It is now admitted by the highest authorities that this dreadful disease has established a foothold on the west coast of the Mediterranean Sea, at points from which it can easily be distributed over Europe and across the ocean to America. Whether such a result will, in fact, be realised no one can at present say, but certainly the apprehensions are all in that direction. The activity of modern commerce renders it almost impossible to restrict the scourge within its present localized limits; it is all but inevitable that it will spread over Europe and between this and early autumn find its unwelcome way to our own shores. The Boston Medical and Surgical Journal—high authority on matters of such moment—says that although this sequence to the epidemic which ravaged Egypt last year has been long anticipated, it is none the less startling. And while it thinks there is no occasion for panic or ill considered and exaggerated action, especially in this country, it asserts that a careless sense of security would be quite as ill-timed.

Since the International Congress at Vienna in 1874, it says that little progress has been made by European countries toward a rational and uniform policy of controlling the spread of epidemics. General principles, it is true, were announced which were an advance on the irrational old practices to which some of the countries participating in that Congress still cling and still cling; but it was conceded that no progress toward uniform practice could be made unless there existed a united investigation of the laws governing these epidemics and of the various conditions to be met. The Journal advises the requirement of cleanliness in public and private places, guarding against infection of water supplies, and encouraging individuals to live wholesomely. Also, a thorough system of inspection, the fumigation of suspicious vessels at seaport towns, the seclusion of those actually sick, and the subjection of all other passengers, when thought best, to a quarantine of from five to seven days. Cholera is liable to be brought to this country from Europe at any time before the end of September. Therefore, advises the same journal, the authorities in all our large cities, and particularly those on the Atlantic coast, should be strenuous in their exertions to abolish all nuisances and sources of filth. It truly says that such labor is sure to be rewarded in the diminution of sickness from other causes than cholera, and will in no event be lost. Preparations to meet the scourge cannot be begun a single day too soon.

The New England Fair Premium List.

—The pamphlet edition of the Schedule of Premiums for the Twenty-First Annual Exhibition of the New England Agricultural Society, in connection with the New Hampshire State Agricultural Society, has just been issued in a beautiful form from the press of John B. Clarke, Manchester, N. H. All the features of the approaching Fair, and all the points of its practical management are to be found in this very convenient and timely publication. The railroad arrangements and their time tables are likewise incorporated. Mr. Clark deserves much credit and many thanks for his nice and handy piece of work, and it should be on the tables and in the pockets of intending exhibitors and visitors to the Fair all over New England. On the Fair grounds themselves it will prove of the utmost convenience, supplying as it does a directory for the operations of the entire week at Manchester.

THE GENERAL ASPECT OF BUSINESS.

Considering the turmoil to which the stock market has been subjected for some time past, and the close sympathy that always exists between that market and the money market, it is regarded as something remarkable that business failures have been so comparatively few and unimportant. Those who have so far been forced to succumb are the prominent financiers, the promoters of large schemes, and men who habitually command heavy amounts of capital. We are assured from reliable mercantile sources that it is principally the wealthy class that has been visited by disaster, legitimate traders of limited resources having been but slightly affected. This is called the rich man's panic. The wonder is expressed in the same quarter that considering the vicissitudes, the severe drop and shrinkage in values, and the rigid self restraint imposed by prudent bankers, there have been so few failures as are actually reported. Notwithstanding the great number of wrecks that are actually known and counted, it is not regarded that business generally suffered at all by comparison with what has been undergone in the same time by the class always supposed to be fully able to take care of itself in any emergency.

Those who are in the best position to know assert that traders have generally been able to meet their obligations promptly, and are now in good condition to take advantage of the situation when new revives. It is now about two years since the depression in the stock market began, and in that period trade has been adjusting itself to the changing circumstances; so that it was not really so much taken by surprise by what has happened in the last few months. Otherwise we should see a very different state of things from what we see today. It is not general business that is suffering from carrying any burdens, but the market in which securieties of all grades of value are regularly bought and sold. Save as the depression of this market influences the money market, trade is no more affected by it than it would be by any thing else to which it bears no legitimate relation. This was not an unanticipated panic, and therefore not at all like that of 1873. Nothing is needed in the stock market but a return of general confidence which is sure to be brought about in due time. The business of the country has experienced no panic whatever, and is likely to experience none. We are to have large crops, and consumption will continue as before, and a visible increase be sides.

England's Franchise Bill.

—The conservative peers held a conference with members of the House of Commons on Tuesday, at which Lord Salisbury denounced vigorously the proposition to pass the franchise bill. He urged the House of Lords to ignore all threats and firmly refuse to permit the franchise bill to pass its second reading until the government should distinctly explain its plan for a redistribution of seats in the House of Commons. A compromise between the two houses was urged. By an almost unanimous vote the meeting resolved to refuse to pass the franchise bill until the government's plan for a redistribution of parliamentary seats should be submitted. It is to be moved this week in the House of Lords that an address be presented to the Queen by the Lords, asking her to summon an autumn session of parliament to consider the franchise question in conjunction with the question of a redistribution of parliamentary seats. It is not believed that the government will accede to his request. Mr. Gladstone has publicly expressed the hope that the loss of the franchise bill may be averted. The country is assured, however, by other members of the government, that the government will make no further concession on the franchise question. The London journals declare that the liberals will not sheathe the sword until they exterminate a power which is incompatible with the government of modern England.

The Bartholdi Statue.

—The conception of this huge statue belongs to Bartholdi himself, whose passion it is to work on a colossal scale. As the London Daily News reports the history of the case, a Franco-American committee was formed in France with very influential names, and duly issued its proposals for subscriptions in France and the United States. They were put in the form of the republic of France making this pretty gift to her elder sister of America. Everybody said it would be a good thing, but few put down the money. But after a considerable time and much exertion the money was raised, and the statue of "Liberty" now stands finished in its Paris workshop, the most extraordinary work of its kind of all time. The dimensions are described as ludicrously large. The figure alone, in sheer height, stands 105 feet. The extreme length, from the sole of the foot to the end of the torch in the outstretched hand, is 137 feet, 9 inches. The pedestal of granite will be 83 feet high, and the pedestal and statue together will give a total of 220 feet in elevation. The far-famed Colossus of Rhodes stood only about 140 feet. The loftiest isolated column in the world, the monument of Flabstreet Hill, is but 202 feet high. The statue is made of plates of very thin copper, only one-eighth of an inch thick, forming an outer and an inner skin, about a foot apart, the space between being filled with sand, especially towards the base, so as to give the required solidity.

Massachusetts Horticultural Society.

—Some of the expected features of the floral display at Horticultural Hall, July 12, were less prominent than usual, notably gloxinias and white lilies, but these were partly atoned for by beautiful little things exhibited by Mr. Robert T. Jackson, including the exquisite pink fairy lily, the dark and dwarfish lilium testaceum and the sombrely-hued lilium philadelphicum, which he has cultivated for three years. In addition he showed miniature campanulas, whose purple bells are associated with Alpine breezes. The gorgeous national flower of France was also to be seen in splendid development under the gutses of Iris Kaempferi, as exhibited by Francis Parkman and John L. Gardner. Hollyhocks were shown to fine advantage, and also a lavish display of cricas. The curious yellow of the butterfly weed exhibited by L. W. Weston was noted with interest, as also a few rare specimens of orchids by David Allen and C. M Hovey.

The following prizes were awarded: Japan iris (varieties of Iris Kaempferi)—Francis Parkman, John L. Gardner. Vase of flowers—Mrs. E. M. Gill, Mrs. A. D. Wood. Herbaceous plants—J. W. Manning, Miss S. W. Story. Cherries, two quarts of any variety—Samuel Lockwood, Jr., Warren Fenno. Raspberries, two quarts of any variety—William Doran & Son, C. E. Grant. Currants, forty-eight bunches of any red variety—B. G. Smith, first and second prizes. Potatoes, twelve specimens—C. N. Brackett, C. Terry and M. W. Chadbourne.

Gratuities were awarded to Mrs. E. M. Gill for gloxinias and hollyhocks, Miss E. M. Harris for lilies and hollyhocks, Robert T. Jackson for herbaceous plants, E. Sheppard for hollyhocks, Mrs. F. S. Peabody for hollyhocks, display of cut flowers, John L. Gardner for cricas, C. M. Hovey for orchids, David Allen for orchids and silver medal for dendrobium densiflorum, Hovey, first class certificate of merit for statice suivroorvi.

Gratuities were awarded to C. N. Brackett for seedling pears, to Warren Partridge for cherries and to M. W. Chadbourne for cherries and currants; to John L. Gardner for peas and lettuce, M. W. Chadbourne for wax beans and C. N. Brackett for peas.

Radway's Remedy!

—"Health and Wealth", are the living watchwords of Radway. He believes that health is wealth; in other words that health of *body* is wealth of *mind*. It is certainly true that in order to possess any continuous mental vigor, which is the condition of intellectual wealth, there must be physical health as the underlying and sustaining condition. The Radway Ready Relief so indissolubly associated with the name of Radway, and that is known wherever civilization has obtained a foothold. Of the specific virtues of these two staple and sterling curatives it is unnecessary for us to speak; they are known everywhere and of all men. What the Ready Relief effects may sound all but miraculous to many, but the fact that it still stands an unparalleled, and even an unchallenged, remedy the world over is enough to guarantee its great virtues to all who have never yet adopted it in the various cases for which it is an unequalled specific. The Sarsaparilian Resolvent is no less known to the wide public, and its wonderful merits are freely and gratefully acknowledged. The peculiar office of sarsaparilla in its action on the human system is far from being appreciated or understood as it should be. Numberless testimonials to the value of the Resolvent are more than sufficient to establish its efficacy. Read the advertisement of Radway in another column, and then judge whether these preparations are not entitled to the largest confidence.

Coal and Wood.

—A railroad official replied to a person who asked him about the consumption of wood and coal on his road in Northern New England, that while coal is the cheapest to burn on their locomotives, it is more economical for them to burn wood to a certain extent, or a large number of inhabitants along the line would never see a cent of money. Money must be had in order to procure clothing and the little luxuries that are indispensable to even the most obscure lite. The railroads, he added, make a point to encourage the continuance of residence in districts that would otherwise become deserted. The inquirer said that, in travelling through the section spoken of, he could easily see the force of the railroad official's remark. The increased outlay for the home fuel brings back returns many fold increased. The town's people per and his family can occasionally recreate in a railroad ride to large trade centres, and procure with their hard won earnings the needful covering for the body and mind. It is easy to note the change in the habits of country people in the past two generations, attributable mainly to the closer contact with the cities which railroads have made possible.

The oldest firm in the dry goods trade in New York, Halsted, Haines & Co., failed last Saturday for a million dollars. The house was established in 1804, and has been known by its present firm name since 1822. The failure was a great surprise to the business community, and was caused by the continued stringency in the money market.

The condition of the crops of the country never was better than now, and soon a large proportion of the New York bank reserve, amounting to nearly twenty-four millions, will be required to move them. This will increase the railroad earnings and put money in the pockets of the farmers of the country. Business and stocks will not fail to get the benefit of it.

The steamer State of Maine, which left Boston on Friday morning of last week, bound for St. John, struck on a reef at the extreme end of Point Lepreaux, 20 miles southwest of St. John, at 2.30 o'clock Sunday afternoon. The passengers, numbering about 300, including many tourists, were all safely and speedily landed. A thick fog prevailed at the time, and the vessel is a total wreck.

A tenement house on Second Avenue, New York, was found to be ablaze in the basement, early last Sunday morning, the flames rapidly communicating with every upper floor through the dumb waiters and air shafts, and filling the house with smoke. The inmates, hurriedly aroused from sleep, and finding all means of escape cut off, were stricken with terror, and all the more so by the heavy thunder storm that was raging throughout. They began to jump and let themselves down from the windows to the awning below and to the sidewalk, and a terrible scene ensued.

Three out of the five commissioners appointed by Spain to consider what is the best way to dispose of Cuba, suggest a plan whose effect would be to place her under German rule for twenty-five years, and then cede the island to the United States.

A WHITE BLACKBIRD.—The other day Mr. Asa Adams of Pine Island, Newbury, was hunting for a nest one of his ducks had made on the farm when he came across a crow blackbird, which was with the others of its kind, and was a perfect specimen apparently, with the exception that its feathers were white instead of the glossy black which is the general color of the bird. In the earlier part of the season there was a white robin in the garden of Mr Charles J. Brockway on High street. Cases of albinoism occur in most species of birds and animals, but they are rare enough to give us the pleasure to hear the white blackbird.—[Newburyport Herald.

Stewart Jesse H. Freeman, which arrived at Boston on Monday from Jamaica, brought 5924 bunches of bananas, 5000 cocoanuts and 4 boxes pineapples. She also brought 13 parrots. Steamer Cephalonia from Halifax, brought a miscellaneous cargo, consisting of eggs, lobsters, alewives, salmon, &c. Steamer Alieghany, from Catania, Messina and Palermo, which landed her cargo on Monday, brought nearly 12,000 boxes of lemons (11,655). Since the 25th of June—less than three weeks ago—nearly 55,000 bunches of bananas (54,655) have been landed here from steamers. A few small sailing vessels formerly had this business to themselves. The steamer City of Macon, at Boston, from Savannah, landed on Monday several thousand melons and large quantities of tomatoes, peas and other vegetables.

Editor's Table.

☞ *The Boston Directory for* 1884, published by Sampson, Davenport & Co., 155 Franklin street, has been on the table for over a week. To say of it that it is in any way an improvement on its useful and popular predecessors would be superfluous, because that is in the regular course of the publishers' proceeding. This Directory contains the City Record, a Directory of the Citizens, and Business Directory, and is numbered LXXX for the year beginning July 1, 1884. The regular price is $5. A fine heliotype portrait of Mayor Martin fitly prefaces the work and introduces us to the body of our citizens. In turning the leaves of the new Directory, one's attention is directed to the new and improved method of printing the names, ditto (") marks being used to designate all after the first surname of each kind, except advertisers' names, which are always given in full. This method brings out the christian names more prominently, and saves time in referring to any name. It will at once be pronounced a great improvement. The Directory has increased in size very rapidly in the last few years, keeping pace with the growth of the City in population and business. The bulk is somewhat reduced by using thinner paper of improved quality this year, although the actual number of names has largely increased and the number of pages in the book is greater than ever before. From the total number of names reported, it is estimated that the population of Boston is now about 410,000. The number of changes made in preparing the General Directory is 114,788, in a total of 161,202 names composing the Directory of 1883, or more than 71 per cent., showing that only a small proportion of the names in last year's Directory remain unchanged in the present issue. It is a book which every business man of Boston will find as great a convenience as it will prove a necessity, and never presented so attractive an appearance as this year.

☞ *Cookery for Beginners*, by Marian Harland, is a series of familiar lessons for young housekeepers, with blank pages for new receipts. Lavish with Miss Harland's "Dinner Year Book," "The Cottage Kitchen," and "Common Sense in the Household," to say nothing of her many successful novels which have made her name dear in unnumbered households, furnish ample guarantee that her new little manual above named is one that will help out young house keepers and all others who should proceed by careful steps to the furnishing of the most desirable food for a family. Published in highly attractive style, in large, clear type, on white paper, and with dark brown flexible covers, appropriately illustrated, by D. Lothrop & Co. Boston.

☞ *The Breeders' Journal* for July, published at Beecher, Ill., by the Breeders' Live Stock Association, is on our table. It has a full-page, striking portrait of Mr. Thomas Fenn, a breeder of Hereford cattle in England, who has sent over some choice specimens of his favorite breed to this country. The table of contents is very varied and of a wide range, embracing what relates to cattle, agriculture, the dairy, swine poultry and sheep. The editorial department shows good and careful work.

☞ The Fifth Annual Report of the *Wells Memorial Association* and the Workingmen's Institute, at 987 Washington st., Boston, has been received. It is of wide interest. The public importance and value of such an organization in shaping the habits and associations of the large number of young men who are to be found in a large city like Boston can hardly be overstated. There are but fifteen or eighteen organizations of the kind in the country. The "Wells Memorial" has over 1000 members.

☞ *The Countryside* is the name of a paper published in New York, devoted to country homes, country work, and country schools, with a promising list of contributors, issued by the Company bearing its name, at 40 Vessey st., N. Y.

☞ *Kitty Kent's Troubles* is the last issue of the "Young Folks' Library," and No. 3, by Julia A. Eastman. It is the story of a girl who was neither all good nor all bad, but partly one and partly the other. Her troubles grew out of her faults, and at last she found peace. The moral of the story is that happiness lies through the land of goodness. Paper covers, illuminated, Published by D. Lothrop & Co.

☞ *Godey's Lady's Book* for August opens with a poem called The Flower Gatheiers, which is made the subject of a tasteful steel engraving. The literary contents show positive advance, as it Godey had indeed taken a new lease of life. The list of contributors is a familiar and popular one. It is full in colors, in design, and in the fashion deparment besides. A superior number. For sale by Cupples, Upham & Co.

☞ *The Dickinson Type Foundry*, Boston, send out a remarkably handsome cloth pamphlet, to size, containing Specimens of Printing Presses, Rules, Cuts, and Letter-Press Printing Material. The proprietors, as all printers very well know, are Phelps, Dalton & Co. A study of these specimens is almost the study of art itself, so beautiful doth spacious pages become under their clear and wonderfully distinct impressions.

☞ The "Ross Ensilage Cutter" sold by *Parker and Wood*, to which reference was made in last week's *Ploughman*, continues to widen its popularity in consequence of its efficiency. It is pronounced a superb machine for the purposes named in the advertisement to be found in another part of this issue. This enterprising firm, always alive to the continually changing wants of the farmers, announce that now is the very time to send in orders for *Chopping Axes*, that they may be made according to the required weight and shape. This is a very important item in farming economy.

☞ When the organs of secretion become inactive by reason of a cold or other cause, the inflammatory material should be removed and healthy action restored. Ayer's Pills accomplish this quickly, safely and surely. Much serious sickness and suffering might be prevented by promptly correcting such derangements which often develop into settled disease.

THE STEAMER EMPIRE STATE is making daily excursions upon the ocean which afford delightful rest and recreation. On Mondays she sails to the fishing grounds when prizes are given for the largest cod. On other days trips are made to Provincetown, or to the Isles of Shoals, or along the north shore, and on Saturday afternoons a short cruise is made in the Bay. These excursions are recommended by physicians as not only for the invigorating sea breezes, but for the amount of enjoyment to be obtained in a single day, there being a perfect succession of entertainments furnished by the management, consisting of vocal and instrumental music by first class artists, so that often as much good comes from the trip as from a week's vacation.

— A notice posted on a certain Chinese laundry says—"This is to Certify that I have No one to take Charge of my Place until the first of August. Come to $8 Irving St. to get some Laundry."

☞ When medical science admitted that Rheumatism and Neuralgia had their seat in the blood, it remained for find a successful remedy for the poisonous acid which caused them. That remedy has been found. It has been named ATHLOPHORON, which is a Greek word composed of *athlon*, a prize, and *phoro*, to bear away, that is "bearing away the prize." And this it does both in promptitude and final efficiency. Says Mrs. Eliza Evans, of Upper Derby, Delaware county, Penn.: "After the third dose of ATHLOPHORON I rested better than I had done for months."

☞ The "New York Retailer," an influentia organ of the liquor traffic, in a recent editorial on the "Strength of the Enemy," says we call your attention to the fact that not less than one million votes are every year cast against you in the various so called temperance societies and almost the entire force of pulpit orators of the country, add to this 153 newspapers and periodicals "especially devoted to the cause," to say nothing of the dailies and weeklies that cater to the morbid public sentiment which tolerates sumptuary legislation. We as temperance people are thus reminded that by votes and influence the temperance people of the country hold the balance of power and are able to dictate at least, that sort of men shall not be nominated for the presidency. The independent voters who are slaves to neither party,are now far more numerous than ever before.

NERVOUS EXHAUSTION.

A very large number of persons are suffe-ers from physical or nervous exhaustion and a low state of vitality, brought on by various causes. They are not sick enough to be classed with invalids, nor well enough to be sure of so any bodily or mental work without excessive weariness or complete prostration. The most miserable and unhappy condition, as thousands can testify. For this class of persons the new Vitalizing Treatment of Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 Girard St., Philadelphia, Pa., is especially adapted, acting as it does directly on the great nervous centres, rendering them more vigorous, active, and efficient, and for their pamphlet describing the nature and action of this remarkable Treatment It will be mailed free.

ROYAL BAKING POWDER

Absolutely Pure.

This powder never varies. A marvel of purity strength and wholesomeness. More economical than the ordinary kinds, and cannot be sold in competition with the multitude of low test, short weight, alum or phosphate powders. *Sold only in cans.* ROYAL BAKING POWDER Co., 106 Wall-st., N. Y. nov-18t

SOME SHARK STORIES.

I'd just as soon try to swim a lake of red hot pitch as to swim over from Penikeese to Fort Pickens,' said an old pilot. 'There are not so many accidents on record there, because people know the dangers and look out for them, but I know at least half a dozen cases. The last one happened last summer. A vessel came in port for a load of lumber and the captain's boy, quite a good sized lad, in fooling about the rigging, fell overboard. The men heard a scream, and rushed to the rail, but the only sign they saw was a red cloud in the water. They got out the boat and finally recovered the body, but the head and limbs were gone. Another time a soldier tried to desert from the fort and was eaten by sharks. You see the brutes follow vessels in from off shore and get in the habit of swallowing everything that comes along, and when a man goes over they rush for the splash. I've seen 'em moving round on the bottom like a drove of hogs. They generally swim slowly when not chased, but they can work up a tremendous race when they are chased, and I've seen one jump twenty feet into the air. To show you how hard they can bite,' said the pilot, 'I have seen one take a piece out of an oar. Another that was hauled alongside of a small boat, took to the water in its mouth, and nearly crushed it to a jelly, leaving twenty or thirty teeth in the wood. Sometime ago a Spanish gun boat dropped in there, and the officers amused themselves shark fishing. They had quite a circus. They would take a small dynamite cartridge, bind a piece of salt pork to it and fix it to a float and wire, and send it two hundred feet astern. Pretty soon a shark would take it, and they would fire by the wire, and the fish would fly into a thousand pieces. If one was wounded the others went for him and ate him up.'—[Florida Letter to Philadelphia Times.

— The Piute Indians get more than half their living from charity. An observer writes that a Nevada Indian measuring six feet in his moccasins and forty inches around the chest looks a little cramped in a Boston man's suit.

THE RECORD OF THE FAIRS.

The superiority of Wells, Richardson & Co's, Improved Butter Color over all others made, is again demonstrated by its record at the Autumnal Fairs. The test of practical use is what tells the story, and the great value of the premiums was given by the Agricultural Fairs, lies in the fact, that the judges in these cases are regular farmers, who know what they want and are well supplied with them. Wells, Richardson & Co's. Improved Butter Color, which has taken first premium at all fairs where exhibited, is put up in a vegetable oil preparation, that it cannot become rancid, a most important property, the lack of which is fatal to so many of the Butter Colors offered for sale. It does not color the butter-milk; it imparts a bright natural color, which is unattained by many others; and being the strongest is the cheapest Color in the market.

— Congress voted a two weeks vacation to the letter carriers, a hard worked class of men, and then neglected to appropriate money enough for more than one week.

— This is the season, says the Bangor Commercial, when enterprising farmers run a foot race to the nearest railway station to see if they can honestly advertise their houses as within "ten minutes" walk of the depot."

COME, GENTLE SPRING,

and bring malaria, dyspepsia, biliousness, torpidity of liver and a train of kindred maladies. Fortunately Kidney-Wort is at hand. It may be had of the nearest druggist and will purify the system, correct the stomach and bowels, regulate the liver and kidneys to healthy action, remove all poisonous humors and make you feel like a new man. As a spring medicine, tonic and blood Purifier it has no equal.

— The "high license" system has now been in operation in Missouri for a year, and the number of dram shops has decreased 1245, while the revenue from licenses has increased by $1,000,000.

☞ GET THE BEST DYES. The Diamond Dyes are famous for their strength, fine, brilliant colors easily dyed fast and beautiful. Only 10c. a package at druggists. Wells, Richardson & Co., Burlington, Vt. Sample Card, 32 colors, and book of directions for 2c stamp.

SALES OF STOCKS.

Closing Bids.

U. S. 3s	100	Kansas & Texas	14
do 4½s reg	112½	Lake Erie & West	8
do. 4½s coupon	113	do pref	30
do. 4s registered	119½	Long Island	66½
do. 4s coup	119½	Louisville & Nash	27½
Pac. 6s of '95	134	Manhattan Alleghany	10
D. C. 3-65s	100	Manhattan Beach	13
Bost., Hart., Erie 1st	10	Manhattan Elev	69
do. Consolidated 7s	125	Metropolitan Cons	23
Central Pac 1st	108½	Metropolitan Elev	70
D. & R. G. Mortgage	104	Michigan Central	91
Den. S. Park & P 1st	78	Mil. L. S. & W. pref	84
Erie 2ds	59½	Minn. & St. Louis	14½
Kansas Pac. consols	73	do preferred	30
1st Denver Division	99½	Missouri Pacific	97½
Lehigh & Wilkes	88	Mobile & Ohio	17½
Mo. Kansas & Texas	103	Morris & Essex	123
St Joseph	106	Mutual Union	11
St Paul & S. F. 1sts	113	Nashville & Chat	91
S P & C. 1st	99	New Jersey Central	58½
Tex. Pac. land grants	37½	Nor. & West. pref	22½
Texas & Rio Grande	98	Northern Pacific	23½
Tol. Del. & Bur. 1sts	20	do pref	44
Tol. D. & B. inc

Vital Questions! ! !

the most eminent physician

ny school, what is the best thing in the for quieting and allaying all irritation of ves, and curing all forms of nervous com- giving natural, childlike refreshing sleep

they will tell you unhesitatingly

me form of Hops! ! !

CHAPTER I.

any or all of the most eminent physi-

at is the best and only remedy that can on to cure all diseases of the kidneys nary organs; such as Bright's disease, retention, or inability to retain urine, the diseases and ailments peculiar to

they will tell you explicitly and em- p to *"Buchu! ! !"*

he same physicians

at is the most reliable and surest cure fo diseases or dyspepsia; constipation, in- ss, biliousness, malaria, fever, ague, &c.,"

will tell you:

drake! or Dandelion! ! !"

where these remedies are combined with qually valuable,

compounded into Hop Bitters, such a al and mysterious curative power is de- which is so varied in its operations that se or ill health can possibly exist or re- ower, and yet it is

ess for the most frail, woman, weakest r smallest child to use.

CHAPTER II.

"Patients

" Almost dead or nearly dying"

ears, and given up by physicians, of and other kidney diseases, liver com- ere coughs, called consumption, have ed.

e gone nearly crazy! ! ! ! !

any of neuralgia, nervousness, wake- and various diseases peculiar to women drawn out or shape from excruciating rheumatism, inflammatory and chronic, ng from scrofula

ase!

eum, blood poisoning, dyspepsia, indi- ng heir to ful, almost all diseases rail" is heir to en cured by Hop Bitters, proof of which und in every neighborhood in the ld.

ne genuine without a bunch of green he white label. Shun all the vile poison- ith "Hop" or "Hops" in their name.

(31y)

UPTURE

nd cured by Dr. J. A. SHERMAN'S n Office with endorsements of Physi- chants, Farmers and others who have , mailed for 10 cts. Bonn. book, with ary, pamphlet of photographic likenesses es cured, 10 cts. Office 251 Broadway,

ap-1f

BY MARKET, BOSTON

Retail Prices.

pressly for the Ploughman, for the ending July 19.

BEEF, &c.

.....	Beef Liver.....	8@10
.....	Beef Tongue.....	10@15
.....	Beef Tongue, sait.	10@15
.....	Beef Heart.....	5@8
.....	Beef Tongue, salt.	10@15
.....	Press Tripe.....	7@8

Pork, Lard, &c.

Smoked Should's.	10@11	
Smoked Ribs.....	9@11	
Sausages.....	10@11	
Pigs' feet.....	5@6	
Lard, leaf.....	9@10	

Veal and Mutton.

Mutton, w'h'l	14	20
Mutton, should's.	10@12	
Mutton, legs.....	14@16	
Lamb, w'h'l.....	8	9
Do spring, lb	18@	20

Poultry, Game, &c.

Fowls, wild,		
Pigeons, pair	20@	25
Philadel.squabs	30@	40
Chickens, lb	20@	25
Fowl, w'h'l	20@	22
Snipe, dozen	200@	250
Reed-birds, doz	75@	100
Brant, w'h'l	200@	250
Yellow-legs, doz	150@	200
Plover, dozen	75@	100
Rabbits, each		
Turkeys, w'h'l		
Woodcock		
Pigs, roasting	30@	40

Butter, Cheese, &c.

Fair to good do	13@	14
Farm	20@	22
Cape.....	23@	25
Vermont.....	23@	25
Northern.....	20@	22
Western.....	16@	21

Fruit and Vegetables.

Tomatoes, lb.	40@	50
Do. Berm'da, lb	25@	30
Tomatoes, can.		15
Citrons, each		
Vegetables.		
Potatoes, ph'k		25
Sweet Pot's, lb		6
Turnips, doz bunch's		50
Beets, doz bunch's		50
Beans—		
White, Y'k'k	87@1	00
Lima, qt.	12@	15
Cabbages, each	10@	15
Carrots, doz	50@	60
Parsnips, peck		50
Onions, per pk		50
Cauliflowers	25@	35
Celery, per root		10
Lettuce, head	5@	10
Squashes—		
Hubbard, lb	2@	3
Marrow, lb.	1@	2
Turban		
Cucumbers	10@	15
Egg Plants, new	20@	40
Peppers, doz	10@	15
Pickles— Gherkins		
Cucumbers	10@	15
Lychee Nuts,		
Dip, bot'e		
per doz		
Limes, per doz	20@	30
Artichokes, pk	50@	75
	15@	20
	50@1	00
	75@1	00
	10@	15
	20@	30
	10@	15
	10@	15
	10@	15

The Poet's Corner.

IMMORTALITY.

BY MRS. MARY B. DODGE.

"Immortality will come to such as are fit for it."—Emerson.

For me, if I for it am fit,
Is an eternal gladness.
But . . . if I am not worthy it?
Then, lost am I through madness,
Knowing the good yet choosing less
Than that which promises to bless.

Ah, me! The "good-less" wears a smile,
At times so sweet and winning,
I cannot think there lurks a guile
Beneath akin to sinning,
Till, ere I know it, all my best
By something worse is dispossest.

'Tis plain I may not trust my will
To keep to pastures greenest:
Of some desire deluded still
It leaves the way serenest
To find, too late, a barren slope
Down which is glimpsed the grave of hope.

What power, from choice so prone to err,
Shall I then seek to aid me?
My will is no safe minister—
"Twas that, alas, unmade me.
God's will is best—God's will I crave—
Since it alone from death can save.

God's will encompasses with grace
The one time graceless sinner;
It glorifies the lifted face
Of even a rude beginner
In Wisdom's lessons, bent to be
Fitted for immortality:

Fitted the spheric note to sound,
That sonly harmonizes
Earth's tremulous tone with heaven's profound,
In song that realizes
Divinest union. Only it,
God's will, for endless life makes fit.

—[The Congregationalist.

Ladies' Department.

IN SEARCH OF GOLD.

JOURNAL OF INCIDENTS ON LAND AND SEA.

To California and Return 35 Years Ago

BY JOHN FISK.

Compiled expressly for the Mass. Ploughman.

[*Continued from last week.*]

The Chinese—Sell out and Leave the Mines—The Stage Driver again—Stockton—Arrive at San Francisco—Start for Home—Virgin Bay—Virgin Lake—The San Joaquin River—The Rapids—The Steamer Northern Light—Settle a Deadhead Ashore—Arrive in New York—Take a Bath—Scenes and Incidents in the City, etc. etc. etc.

CHAPTER XVII.

There were over seventy Chinamen that we had sold out to; they are great workers, that is, they do not work so fast but keep constantly at it, living on rice and fish mostly. We used to go and see them eat with their chop sticks, and they did not seem to have any trouble in taking up their soups and fluids of any kind. They are very harmless too, letting almost any one drive them from pillar to post. The authorized collector would come once a week to collect their tax and others came as often as they dared to. We used to see them at times smoke opium; the way they do this, all sit down on the ground in a circle, the pipe is loaded, then each takes a whiff, and it is passed around until all are unconscious, except one or two left as guards; their faces have the appearance of death. They seem to have a large number of holidays, using their fire-crackers very freely; once or twice a month they were at it.

We sold our claim to seventy of them and had a good opportunity to observe their actions. One Sunday I tried to learn their head man a few words of English, and he tried to learn me to count one hundred; it sounded very odd; but it was entirely wrong to let those heathens come into the country and carry out the gold we had worked so hard for.

The two brothers, Charles and George, after we had sold out, went down on the Tuolumne River to prospect, and were gone nearly two weeks, but could find nothing that would pay; in fact the most of the surface diggings were worked out, or down to two or three dollars a day, leaving but little after paying board.

About the middle of February I said to George one morning, "I think I will start next Monday morning." When that stage driver came along they were very much surprised at my sudden disclosure. I said I had been thinking it over for some time that if I started now I should arrive in season to commence market gardening in the spring—the cattle would not be fit for beef for a month, so I offered to sell my interest for so much and they bought me out; they intended to start home by the first of April, for they thought they had seen enough of California and its roughs. I was very certain I had. Shaw, who had kept the stage-house, had gone two months ago; on the Monday morning early, I rolled up my buffalo robe once more. It was now over two years that I had lugged it over my shoulder. We had sat up late the night before, talking over matters and things, but they were up to see me off, and as we shook hands George said, "I wish I was going too," and turned and went behind the tent; it was more than he could stand.

I could now hear the stage rattling over the distant hills on its way down to the stage house where the horses were changed, so I hurried down and across "Six-Bit Gulch" just as the stage came rattling up. Nothing must do but I should get up and ride down to the stage house, only a quarter of a mile distant, for he had a new driver going to start for the States. This was the same driver that was going to give us a horse whipping a year and a half before. The driver said, "ain't you going to have some breakfast?" I said I had eaten mine some time ago. "That won't do; you must have some with me, and it shan't cost you anything," so after breakfast we started for Stockton, sixty miles distant, going over nearly the same route I had tramped on when I came up; quite a change had taken place since then; the land most of the way had been taken up for agricultural purposes and was quite largely fenced with wire, the "Lone Tent" had been replaced by a substantial farm-house, and wheat and barley were looking nicely. I saw a few market gardens, but none of any great extent. But the city, how it had grown! It had spread out in all directions! I inquired for Dan, but none had ever seen him; old Uncle John's place had been crowded out of existence and I tried to find the hardware store and its owner, but could not; all had been changed; so I went on board the "Firefly" by night, a small steamboat running twice a week between Stockton and 'Frisco, two hundred miles.

The steamer left the wharf at five and arrived at San Francisco about five the next day. There had been a great change since I had been here in 1850; long wharves and piers had been built out into the bay, and large warehouses now stood where the New Jersey had dropped her anchors in forty-nine. Who could believe so much could be accomplished in so short a time? Where was the sand hill that looked so bare and desolate, and the well I went down into, hogshead over hogshead, for two hundred feet, to get a pail of water to mix some mortar? The hill was now covered with fine residences and the well had been filled up, no doubt, for the water was as salt almost as the ocean, and on the other hill a railroad was being built. All the smaller rum holes and gambling saloons had had their day, and were the things that had been; there were plenty of gaming houses, but they were on a grand scale of magnificence, and not so much powder used as there once was in these halls upon earth.

I went into an office and bought a through ticket by the way of Nicaragua, paying three hundred and fifty dollars. This was paying out money by the wholesale.

There was quite an excitement here the day before we sailed. Adams' Express Co. had closed their doors and the tankers, Page, Bacon & Co., were in trouble. They said there had not been so many silk hats on the street for some time. We heard that a miner had made a deposit of five thousand dollars with Adams' Express Co. the day before their doors were closed, and intended to have gone home at the same time that I did. There were a great many stories afloat at this time. A story was started that three two-horse loads of specie had been taken from Adams' bank during the night, and some were for breaking down the doors and ascertain what had been done with the capital of the bank.

The next morning the Uncle Sam was to leave her wharf at ten o'clock for San Juan del Sud. She had about fifty passengers, mostly miners, returning to New York. The steamer Uncle Sam was a fine vessel of three thousand tons burden, almost new, and her officers were gentlemen and treated their passengers with great kindness; the weather was all that could be wished and the run was made in ten days. The ship was anchored in Virgin Bay, an enclosed sheet of water containing some six acres, more or less. We arrived at about ten and were taken ashore in a lighter; here was an American house for the entertainment of any that might want a dinner.

From here to Virgin Lake is eight miles over a macadamized road; at one o'clock, carriages drawn by four mules were provided for the passengers, each carriage holding five and the native drivers cracking up their teams at a great rate; this was a splendid ride of eight miles. I think I never enjoyed a ride so much before.

All around the landing of the Lake soldiers were stationed to prevent the passengers from going down to a small village hard by; quite a number had been murdered there heretofore, among the Senoritas. The soldiers were obliged to prick some of them to keep them back. I don't think near so many would have thought of going if there had not been any soldiers, for this made them think there was something they had ought to see anyhow, and so they broke through the cordon, and when the roll was called to come on board to cross the Lake, two were missing.

The time had arrived for crossing the Lake, some fifty miles, I think. This was as fine a sheet of water as any one could wish to see.

The next morning at daylight we entered the river San Joaquin. We now changed over into a larger steamer that was waiting for us here. The river is about three hundred yards wide, with but little current, a dense forest in full leaf coming up to the very edge of the stream and overhanging its dark, still waters. We could hear the song of many birds, and I could hear other noises too in the depth of the tangled forest.

In the afternoon we made another change into a smaller steamer. There was a general sameness all the way down the river, and not an opening did I see in all that distance; one continuous evergreen forest met the eye everywhere. We came to the Rapids, about four hundred feet long, and very steep; the roar of the waters over the rocks sounded like distant thunder. Just before we came to the Rapids the passengers were landed and met the boat below the Rapids, and it was an exciting scene to see that little steamer navigated among those rocks, they seemed to look at her pitching down that roaring cataract as though she must strike. We stood and trembled for her safety, but she came down with all the baggage without a scratch.

We now went on board again; here the country opens out again and the forest recedes. At evening time we were at tide-water, where we remained until the next morning, when we steamed out to the steamer Northern Light and drew alongside, and the officer took our tickets as we passed on board. There was a man that had no ticket. I saw him climb on board when the officers were not looking, and I thought I would see how he got on. When the passengers were all on board they were sent aft. They had discovered they had two more passengers than tickets; they found them after awhile and set them to work; one would work and the other would not, and they told him what they would do if he did not work, but he was determined not to conform to their wish.

There was another steamer anchored near by and they had a band of music on board, and as our steamer raised her anchor the band struck up "America," and I never heard nice as the sound floated over the water, their anchor was raised at the same time. Now came the trial of speed, and it was soon apparent that the Northern Light was the fastest boat by all odds, and by noon the Western was out of sight.

About the middle of the afternoon of the third day we came in sight of an island, and when they had come within a mile they gave me my choice, he could work or be set on shore; he said he would not work and so we came to a stand, a boat was lowered and the man was taken to the island, a few provisions left with him, and the boat returned and was hoisted on board and the steamer moved on her away.

Nothing of any great interest occurred on the passage to New York, making the passage from San Francisco to New York in twenty-one days. I and a man by the name of Lamson kept together in travelling around New York city. The first thing we did was to hire a room for one day, and for this we paid one dollar. We started out on our voyage of discovery that we might purchase a new suit of clothes. We went up Broadway and into a large clothing store and were fitted out from head to foot. This cost us fifty-three dollars each, as we agreed to take two entire suits, and thus obtained them somewhat cheaper than we could a single suit, and as we wanted about the same kind of garments it worked well enough.

We now started out to take a bath and clean off the lice that had become our close and active companions; these we wished to shake off at the earliest opportunity. With these intentions we started down Water street, with many a reminder on our perforated skins that we were not alone by any means. On turning a street a thief jerked Lamson's bundle out of his hands and took to his heels. I was on ahead, and as he came by me I stuck out my foot and tripped him up. I got the bundle, and Lamson jumped on to the fellow and held him there. A policeman came along and took him in charge, and nothing must do but we must go up to the police room and make our complaint. What a nuisance dishonest people are when one is in a hurry!

After stating the facts in the case, we soon arrived at a bath house and went in. I asked the man what he would give for our clothes we had on, as we should put on new ones. He said, the price of the baths. I said it was a bargain on my part, and Lamson said he could have his. We got out a good cleaning; we had our heads and scalps were all honeycombed with lice, but with plenty of soap and bay rum they were obliged to leave their covered ways and come out to the light of honest day. When we came out of that bath-house we left it inhabited by millions! Snail I ever forget the Northern Light that contributed so much to our bodily discomforts?

We now walked around the city; what a great hurry every one seemed to be in! Lamson said they appeared to be going for the doctor. The noise made by the traffic over the paved highways reminded me of the San Joaquin rapids.

As we came down Broadway two men got to fighting in the middle of the street; they had not made more than one or two passes at each other when a fire engine came along on a dead run and ran over both, killing one and knocking the other senseless. This attracted but little attention, as such things happened here almost every day.

[*To be continued next week.*]

TWO DETECTIVE STORIES.

(Chamber's Journal.)

Our English detective is the exact contrary of his French confrere. He does not wear uniform, but he might just as well do so, for his appearance and dress proclaim him to be what he is as plainly as if he was clad like X142 of his force. He is a well meaning, intelligent fellow, but both his want of training and the system under which he has to work quite unfit him for the detection of any crime which is hidden in mystery. I remember, some years ago, being on a visit to a country house where the jewel case of a lady visitor was stolen. It was quite safe when the owner had finished dressing for dinner, but a couple of hours later her maid missed it and gave the alarm. Search was made—it is needless to say in vain. The house was full of visitors, many of whom had brought with them their own valets and ladies' maids, besides which there was a large staff of servants belonging to the house itself. A telegram was dispatched to Scotland Yard the next morning; and in due time two detective officers arrived from London. They examined the room from which the jewel box had been taken; questioned, and as a natural consequence, set by the ears, all the servants of the house, as well as those of the different visitors; made inquiries at the neighboring railway station about the travellers who had left the place during the last few days; and, finally, took their departure, leaving matters exactly where they were—where they have remained to the present day, and where they are likely to remain for all time.

As a comparison with the foregoing, I may mention a case of a very similar kind which I once witnessed in Paris. A friend of mine living with his wife, daughter and a male and female servant in a large, old fashioned house, found one morning that all his plate had been stolen. It was quite safe when the family went to bed the previous night; but in the morning it had vanished. He communicated with the police; and an elderly gentleman who looked like the manager or one of the head clerks of a bank, was sent to the house. Neither the concierge nor any one else had the slightest idea whom the individual was. He came, ostensibly to see a friend on business, and only told him what his business really was. He came again the next day, and the following four or five days, making his visits purposely when my friend and his family were out, so as to have an excuse, while awaiting their return, of talking to the servants or of wasting a quarter of an hour in the concierge's den. He managed to ingratiate himself with this latter individual; and in the next few weeks, during which time he still paid occasional visits, ostensibly to my friend, became quite intimate with the servant. It ended in the concierge being arrested one fine day on a charge of having stolen the plate. This was brought about partly by something the detective had seen in the concierge's room, but chiefly on account of what he had heard at a place where a number of the agents or brokers for stolen goods used to congregate for business, and to which the detective went in the character of a thief. The crime was thus discovered, and the thief was duly punished.

MARRYING FOR MONEY.

(N. Y. Sunday Times.)

The idea of marrying for money was distasteful to Frank Henniker. Like most men no matter how 'fast' he had looked forward in his inner heart to a time in the future when he should find a woman who truly loved him and should settle down into a quiet life and be very happy; and this ideal the thought of marrying for money dissipated. That it would be possible for him so to do, he had not the slightest doubt. Without being conceited, he yet knew that he was more than tolerably goodlooking, a gentleman, and possessed of manners and bearing that insured him, at any rate, among the younger members of his acquaintance a hearty welcome wherever he went. But to marry for money—to give up all his sentimental ideas of finding a disposition that would be thoroughly congenial to his own—to marry a girl who in all probability would not have a single thought or feeling in common with him—this was indeed a bitter pill to swallow.

It was, however, no time for nambypamby sentiment. Ruin was staring him in the face, and disgrace was not so very far behind but that he could see the coming shadow. There could be no doubt about it; he must marry for money. Disagreeable as the physic was, it must be taken, and upon whom should his choice fall?

Cogitating thus within himself, his eye fell upon a letter upon a rack above the chimney piece, the address of which was written in a pretty feminine hand. Surely here was the very thing! That same morning he had received an invitation from an exceedingly wealthy cotton spinner in Manchester, to whom he recently had the opportunity of being of some service in town, asking him to spend Whitsuntide with him.

This cotton spinner was a widower, and had an only child, a daughter. Thoughtfully Henniker opened the letter and read it through. Its contents ran thus:

"THE MIDLANDS, DIDSBURY, May 24, 18—

"DEAR MR. HENNIKER:—Papa, for whom I am acting as secretary, wishes to know if you will do us the pleasure of spending Whitsuntide here. He understood from you when you said when he was in town, that you were not engaged for that season. If you will let us know when and how your train we may expect you, the carriage will meet you at the station. Papa sends his kind regards and hopes you will come. Believe me yours very truly,

"LILLY MAITLAND."

'Lilly,' mused Henniker, as he had down the letter—'a pretty name! And it is a nice, ladylike hand she writes. I wonder what she is like? Just the opposite of the name, I dare say—a short, stout, awkward girl, with large red hands and tremendous feet, who blushes fearfully whenever she is addressed, and hasn't a word to say for herself; it is not difficult to understand why papa's daughter of an immensely rich spinner, brought up under the extremely refining influence of Manchester society will be like. Or perhaps she is one of the 'loud' school, bold and masculine, a perfect boy in petticoats. There is something rather free and easy about the letter, now I come to think of it, though it is written so nicely. However, as I have the idea in my future wife, it is exactly the size to pull her to pieces. I'm in for a race now, and it would be only the act of a foolish man to depreciate the prize;' and, pulling a writing case towards him, he hastily wrote an acceptance of Mr. Maitland's kind invitation, promising to be at Manchester on the day but one afterward.

It was with no pleasant feelings that Frank Henniker travelled down from Euston on the day appointed.

Mr. Maitland was not at home; the butler who opened the door at the Midlands informed him, not having yet returned from business, but Miss Maitland was in the drawing room, if he would be pleased to walk up; and thither accordingly he directed his steps.

As he entered, a tall, fair girl of about twenty two, rose from her seat at the far end of the room, where she had been reading and advanced to meet him.

She was very different from his anticipation, he thought, as he shook hands with her. This was certainly not the commonplace, insignificant looking girl he had prepared himself to see. On the contrary, she was infinitely more ladylike, both in her appearance and manner, than many of the aristocratic friends he had left in London, and she had one of the sweetest faces he thought he had ever seen.

With easy grace she bade him welcome to the house during her father's absence as a matter of necessity, and then she resumed her seat, and they entered into conversation. Instinctively during it all Henniker felt that her clear, brown eyes were scrutinizing him closely, that she was, as it were, summing him up and making a mental estimate of his value. He began to take an interest in the girl, and the more so from the fact that he had previously done her an injustice.

The butler came in presently to show Henniker to his room, and when the young man went back, he found Miss Maitland with her hat and jacket on.

'I thought you would perhaps like to look round the grounds, if you are not too tired with your journey,' she said.

He answered that he would only be too pleased, and they at once sallied out together.

Going along she gave him little descriptions of the neighborhood, showed him her canine pets, the horses, etc., and did her best to entertain him.

Henniker found himself listening in a way that he could hardly have believed possible. The girl had a wonderfully attractive manner. She was so easy and unaffected, so thoroughly unconscious that she was beautiful and stylish, so different from the parrot girls of society that he had previously met, and yet so completely their equal in the finer attributes of good society in grace and refinement, with tenfold more depth of character and cultivation, that Henniker enjoyed his walk as he had never enjoyed any walk before. He almost forgot that his companion was only an uncultivated cotton spinner's daughter.

It was about five o'clock when they had finished their rounds and tea was served in the drawing room. Henniker was surprised. It seemed that these Manchester people lived like other folk, and were as well bred in their habits as the friends he had left in London. At dinner, too, there was none of the gorgeous display of plate that he had been led to expect. Everything was conducted quietly and unostentatiously.

Mr. Maitland, perhaps, to those who did not know him, was the blot upon the scene. He certainly was a trifle vulgar. But his friends lost sight of this in their warm appreciation of his sterling good nature. No better hearted, more generous minded man than Walter Maitland ever lived. Originally the salesman in a small warehouse in Spring Gardens, he had, by dint of steady industry and unwearying perseverance, raised himself to his present position among the most honored of Manchester merchants; but unlike the majority of men who have risen solely through their own exertions, his success had not made him arrogant and self assertive, nor was he in the habit of boasting of his achievement. He knew that, comparatively speaking, he was an ignorant man, and he was not ashamed to own it; but he never did so obstrusively. Kind to a fault always willing to assist any one in distress, innocent as a child in many of the world's ways, wearing his heart upon his sleeve, and as unaffected as the day on which he was born, Walter Maitland, to those who knew him, was a man to respect, to honor and to love.

Unfortunately, Frank Henniker did not know him, and he was obliged to judge him by outward appearance. He felt strongly that this old gentleman who sat at the head of the table, who laughed so loudly and so heartily at his own jokes, who often dropped his 'h's' and mispronounced his words, was a very vulgar being. Henniker had been brought up in an exclusive set, with whom habits of breeding were iniquities that could never be atoned for, even by the best qualities of disposition. At dinner, unconsciously to himself, he could not help showing the direction in which his thoughts lay However, it passed on very well, and Mr. Maitland did not perceive that his guest was a trifle offended, not to say disgusted, with his ways. But once or twice Henniker caught the daughter looking at him with an expression on her face which he could not understand. It puzzled him.

After dinner, in the drawing room, she sang songs for him; and again Henniker was thrown in a state of wonderment. Such a thrilling voice, so touching in its tender pathos, he had never heard. It entranced him, and he remained fascinated by the piano all the time that she was singing. But when he showed symptoms of the great delight that he felt, Miss Maitland at once rose from her seat, and rather coldly refused to sing any more.

Henniker's thoughts as he sat in his bedroom that night, were anything but pleasant. Above everything he felt thoroughly angry and dissatisfied with himself. He had acted, it seemed to him, very much like a fool. He had come from London full of self conceit, complacently satisfied that the people he was going to see were an inferior order of creation to himself, quite an inferior rate of beings, living in a common underbred way that to a man of cultivated tastes would be most objectionable; and he found them every bit as refined in their habits as himself, and with none of that ostentatious display which he had so confidently expected. It was really most mortifying.

Then there was the daughter. He had actually thought of this girl as if he would be conferring a favor on her by asking her to marry him.

The fact was that Henniker was as much in love with Lily Maitland as it is possible for a young fellow to be in love with a girl after only eight hours' acquaintance.

So the days passed until Whit-Sunday was at hand. Those days had enlightened Henniker very much as to Mr. Maitland's true character. He had been among his work-people and had seen how they all reverenced and respected him, he had seen how considerate and thoughtful he was towards them, and he had heard from the people in the neighborhood of the Maitlands how good and unselfish he was. But, more than all, he had been brought into close contact with the man himself, and he had had time and opportunity to become acquainted with his disposition and to mark the many little ways in which his generosity and true nobility of character showed themselves. The result was a total revulsion of feeling towards Mr. Maitland almost as complete as that towards his daughter.

It was the evening before Whit-Sunday, the time about six. Henniker, who had been out riding, went to the drawing-room, not expecting to find any one there, for Lily had driven into the town to make some purchases and he hardly fancied she could have returned yet. He was mistaken, however, for on the seated before the fire and in so deep a reverie that he had to speak to her before she became aware of his presence.

'Your thoughts seem to be pleasant ones, Miss Maitland, if one may judge from the expression of your face,' he said, as he took a seat near her.

She started violently and a hot color stole into her cheeks. Henniker wondered why she should blush so much at such apparently innocent words.

It was but momentary, however, and when the flush died away it seemed to leave her face paler than usual.

'Thoughts at Whitsuntide ought to be pleasant, Mr. Henniker,' she said; 'but I don't know that mine were particularly happy. Did you enjoy your ride?'

'Very much. Sam, as I think you call him, carried me splendidly, and I had no idea the country about Manchester was so interesting. It is really very pretty out beyond Cheadle.'

'I am glad you liked it; you will, at any rate, have one pleasant remembrance of Manchester to carry away with you.'

There was something in the tone in which she said this—something half sad and reproachful—that caused Henniker to lose his head.

'There is one remembrance that will always be inexpressibly dear to me,' he said in a low voice.

The moment he had spoken he felt that he had b-trayed himself. There was no turning back now; come what might, he must go on. A choking sensation rose in his throat, but he resolutely forced it back and steeled himself for the coming ordeal.

The flush again rose to her cheek. It was impossible to misunderstand his meaning. For a moment what he would have construed as almost a happy look came over her face; but it passed away quickly, and her features grew hard and set.

'I hardly understand you,' she said nervously; and he noticed that, desp-ite her efforts to remain composed, the hand nearest him was trembling violently.

'You can remember since I shall have when I leave Manchester will be of yourself,' he said. 'I scarcely intended to make this avowal so soon, Miss Maitland, but now that circumstances have led up to it, it would simply be cowardice if I did not speak plainly. I love you! I know that this is great presumption on my part, and that I am not half worthy of you, but indeed I couldn't help myself. It was impossible to be in the same house with you without loving you. Oh, my darling, if you only knew how much I love you, how passionately since I came here. I have hung upon every look and every smile you have given me; surely your heart would come out to me as my heart has gone out to you! Will you try to love me, Lily? Will you be my wife?'

He had flung himself upon the ground beside her as he spoke and had clasped her hand in his. For a moment she permitted it to remain there unresistingly, while her whole woman's nature seemed to respond to his appeal; then with a sudden effort she drew herself away and rose to her feet.

'No, I will not be your wife!' she said with flashing eyes and quivering mouth. 'Mr. Henniker, you came here despising us poor Manchester people. You thought we were half savages, devoid of all cultivation and refinement. From the height of your intellectual superiority, you looked down upon us and ridiculed us. I saw it in your manner, in your looks. Among others you thought fit to despise was my father, one of the best, the noblest of men. You scorned his speech and manners because he did not happen to have been so fortunate as yourself in receiving a good education, but had worked his way upwards by energy and industry from a comparatively low position. I saw quite clearly what was passing in your mind. And do you suppose I would marry such a man? No—a thousand times no!'

Henniker had grown very pale.

'Will you listen to me for a moment, Miss Maitland?' he said very quietly as she turned to leave the room.

'For what purpose?' she asked, the tone of passionate indignation still thrilling her voice. 'Do you fancy you could alter my decision? Never! Even the daughter of a Manchester merchant has some little respect for herself and her relatives. I am ashamed of the man who is ashamed of my father. If you would go down on your knees and offer me all to the world contains I would not marry you! The subject had better be dropped between us.'

In another minute she had swiftly, but none too steadily, ascended the stairs, and was lying on her bed, her face pressed into the bedclothes, sobbing as if her heart would break. Only a woman after all!

* * * * * * *

Whit Sunday that year was a glorious day. All nature seemed at her brightest.

Mr. Maitland, Henniker and Lily went to church. Coming back, the merchant joined a friend, and Henniker and Lily were perforce thrown together.

He had seen very little of her since the affair of the previous evening. When they had met she was shy and constrained. In church he had once or twice cast quiet glances at her—indeed his thoughts were far more occupied with the pretty figure dressed in black at his side than with the service; but her eyes at such times were always downcast, and her attention seemed wholly riveted on her prayer book.

Henniker was terribly dejected, and he looked quite pale and haggard. He felt that he could endure this torture no longer. To be in the same house with this girl whom he loved with all the strength and ardency of a particularly strong nature, to feel the constant charm and attraction of her presence, to know that she was not nor ever could be his, and to realize that it was entirely through his own fault that he had missed winning her, was more than he could bear. He would go away, but before he went he would explain matters to her.

They walked along in silence for some distance. At length Henniker said, with a slight effort:

'I am sorry, Miss Maitland, that I should still stay to offend you by my presence. Believe me, I would willingly have gone away last evening could I have done so—indeed it is misery for me to remain here. But, as Mr. Maitland expressly asked me for Whit Sunday, it seemed rude to run away on the very eve of it; and indeed I could think of no excuse that would justify such a course without introducing your name into the matter.'

'I hope you won't think of leaving on my account,' she interrupted hurriedly.

'As this, however, is perhaps the last time I shall have the opportunity of speaking to you alone,' he went on without noticing her remark, 'I should like, if you will bear with me, to say a word in answer to your charge of last night. I did come down to Manchester with the views you describe, and I was an ignorant man in doing so—far more ignorant than the very people whom I despised. I did not think your father well educated or well bred; but I see now how wrong I was to judge a man by a few exterior characteristics, for I have discovered that he possesses a true nobility of disposition before which I, with my small narrow mind, ought to blush. I am all the better for having known your father, Miss Maitland; and I have received a much needed lesson that I hope I shall never forget. But I will confess more than that. There shall be nothing but truth between us now. After today I shall never see you again; but, at any rate, I shall have the consolation of thinking that there was no deception between us. When I came to Manchester, I did so with a purpose—I came to marry you.'

'To marry me!' she exclaimed, startled out of her silence by surprise.

'Yes, to marry you.'

'But you had never seen me!'

'I know that; but I had heard of you. I knew that you were wealthy, or rather that your father was. I was poor and unfortunate—ruin was staring me in the face. I determined to come to Manchester, and, if possible, to marry you, to relieve myself from my debts. But before I had been twenty four hours in the house, circumstances altered my case. I was now really, hopelessly in love with you. I could only think of the motive with which I had come to Manchester with horror. More than once I determined to run away—to leave you—to get back to London and, beginning a new and better life, to face my ruin like a man; but the sight of your face chained me to the spot. I could not bear to part from you. I was powerless. I dare say, Miss Maitland, you think all I have said, the mere emotional talk of a man of the world, accomplished in such matters, but, fortunately for me, I have the means of convincing you of the sincerity of my words. By this morning's post I had a letter announcing to me the death of an uncle, to whose property I succeed. I am now a richer man than your father. Will you come to me, Lily—just as you are, without a penny? If you like, we will live in Manchester, and your father shall stay with us; I shall be proud to live under the same roof with such a man. Oh, my darling, do have mercy on me! Don't be hard upon me! I can't part with you; you are the whole world to me!'

She could not speak—she would have burst out crying if she had attempted to do so; but somewhere from the folds of her jacket there came a little hand, and it was held out in a half penitent fashion towards him. He took it in his and the compact was sealed.

'You were awfully severe on me last night, Lily,' he said later in the day when they were alone in the drawing room.

'So I was; but I never said one thing,' she remarked slily.

'What was that?' he asked.

'That I did not care for you—because I did, you know,' she added with delicious naivette.

Such was Henniker's downfall—that he, a man of family and high social position, should marry the daughter of a Manchester cotton merchant! There are some people, however, who consider it was the downfall at all; and among such most emphatically is Henniker himself.

MY LITTLE WIFE.

She isn't very pretty,
(So my her lady friends;)
She's neither wise nor witty
With verbal odds and ends.

No fleeting freaks of fashion
Across her fancy run;
She's never in a passion—
Except a tender one.

Her voice is low and cooing,
She listens more than speaks;
While others talk of doing,
The duty near she seeks.

It may be but to burnish
The sideboard's scanty plate,
Or but with bread to furnish
The beggar at the gate.

So I, who see what graces
She sheds on lowly life,
To fashion's fairest faces
Prefer my little wife.

And though at her with pity
The city dames may smile,
Who deem her hardly pretty
And sadly out of style;

To me she seems a creature
So musically sweet,
I would not change one feature,
One curve from crown to feet;

And if I could be never
Her lover and her mate,
I think I'd be forever
The beggar at the gate.

TAME SNAKES.

A TRUE STORY.

BY WALTER SEVERN.

On a dull afternoon during the Easter recess of 1872, I went out for a holiday stroll towards the river at Chelsea, and on finding myself near to that Dutch-looking quarter, Cheyne Walk, I determined to discover the abode of an old friend, who I had reason to know lodged in the locality. As I knew he was an inveterate smoker, I inquired about him at a tobacconist's, who told me that he had apartments in one of the quaint old houses with ornamental iron gates.

On passing through the gate and ringing the bell, the door was opened by an individual in shirt-sleeves, who informed me that my friend was away. Attracted by the gentlemanly bearing of the coatless individual, whom I had at first taken for a carpenter, I remained talking to him about the quaintness of the old hall and its paintings. I am sure he both felt that there was something sympathetic in our natures—perhaps this was assisted in a touch of æsthetic Bohemianism—at all events, he pressed me to stay and smoke with him.

We sat in the front parlor, and chatted pleasantly over a log fire which was burning in a fire-place from which the grate had been removed. Of course we soon discovered that we had mutual friends—where did we not go, or whom did I ever meet, without making this discovery? After a time, I began to look round the room: no carpet, an old table, a dilapidated sofa, and a few chairs—an impression of curious untidiness was left on my mind.

While looking at some small pictures hanging crooked on the wall, I noticed, what struck me as being very odd, a red blanket protruding from a hole in the wainscoting, near the mantel-piece. In reply to my inquiry as to what this meant, my host said, "Oh! that is where we keep our snakes; are you afraid of snakes?" Before I could stammer out a reply, and while I was trying to steady my nerves, he thrust in his arm, and pulled out with the blanket a lot of serpents, which tumbled on to the ground and the table. Another dive brought out the rest of the blanket, and with it *two large snakes*, which he informed me were special favorites—a python and a boa constrictor. These at once coiled themselves all round my host's body, in and out of his arms, and about his neck.

Dazed with astonishment and shaking with fear, I tried to retreat, but he assured me, in winning accents and soft words, that the "dear things" were quite tame; and for some minutes we stood, I close to the window—which I thought might afford a means of escape—and he between me and the door. Suddenly my eccentric host, who had very large excited eyes, called out that he must really fetch down his wife and shovelling off the two monsters on the floor (which he did not do without some difficulty), he darted from the room, closing the door behind him.

* * * * * * *

I leave you, kind readers, to imagine my feelings! I experienced a creepy sensation in my hair, and strange feelings of fascination, faintness, and fear stole over me, as I stood rooted to the floor, afraid even to look round at my possible window-escape. The two huge monsters crawled stealthily up the sofa, and kept stretching out their necks to gaze at me, their forked tongues jerking in and out, and their eyes staring with what seemed to me a devilish inquisitiveness. Dante's Inferno, the Laocoon group, and other horrors, filled my brain.

The silence was only disturbed by the beating of my poor heart, and I knew not how long it was before the door opened, and my host reappeared with a pretty lady, who, after a smiling courtesy to me, lifted the snakes from the sofa, or rather, leaning towards them, allowed them to entwine themselves quickly round her comely figure. Although still frightened, I began to heave sighs of relief, and I could not help being impressed by the picturesqueness of the scene. The lady's black velvet bodice showed off to great advantage the large snake-coils, with their curious markings, and her rich brown hair was soon charmingly ruffled by the caresses of the snakes as they poked their noses through it. In a few minutes two little girls appeared, and tripping up to their mother, began playing with the snakes, calling the boa "Cleopatra dear," and actually kissing its nose, until the snake tried impatiently to withdraw its neck from their fond little hands.

Mrs. M., who seemed overweighted with the two snakes, asked her husband to relieve her of the python, and she then proposed that we should have some coffee, which was brought in by the little girls. By this time I had regained my self-possession, and watched her with the keen interest of an artist as she poured out the coffee, and tapped occasionally the head of the boa, which was inquisitively stretched out towards me. During this time the smaller snakes were all about the room, a green one half hidden in the blotting book and others hanging from the table and chairs, and from Mr. M.'s pocket.

Several months after this adventure, I happened to be at a rather smart wedding, and meeting Lord Arthur Russell (who I knew was a lover of snakes), I narrated the circumstances to him, and was rather taken aback by his proposal that we should go away, there and then, in a hansom cab to Chelsea. "Surely," I exclaimed, "you don't propose to leave this goodly company" (Mr. Gladstone was there, among many other celebrities) "and this goodly cheer, to see the snakes?

"'The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mays't hear the merry din.'"

But he was evidently determined. So off we drove to Cheyne Walk, where we fortunately found the snake-charmers at home, and saw much the same scene that I have already described. Lord Arthur was more venturesome than I was, and got one of the smaller reptiles up his sleeve, and Mr. M. had to come to the rescue, and draw it forth through his shirt-cuff. We were shown a very perfect skin, apparently about three yards long, which Mr. M. coolly told us the boa had cast while in bed with him one cold night. He felt "the poor thing fretting about," and kept telling it to be quiet, but it would persist in squeezing between his legs and feet, and in the morning he found that it had shed its skin!

Mr. and Mrs. M. informed us that once, when they were away for two months, they left the two big snakes in charge of a keeper at the Zoo. On their return, the keeper said that if they had delayed much longer the boa might have died, as it was refusing food; and when he produced the snake, it recognized Mrs. M.'s voice, and sprang at her with such vehement affection as nearly to upset her, coiling itself closely round her until they reached home in a cab. Our hosts also informed us that one summer's evening, when the family (including all the snakes) were having tea in the garden, Cleopatra kept singing her head up by the tail, and Mr. M., thinking it a good opportunity to gauge the strength of the boa, placed himself under the tree, and allowed the snake to coil itself round his waist. He then found that he could lift his feet from the ground. We were also informed that if the big snakes once made pets of live animals given for food—such as rabbits—they got to do when not hungry—they would never eat them, but would wait until fresh beasts or birds were provided.

I must now narrate, in his own language, an incident about these snakes written out for me by an Italian friend, who says—

"Ecco il racconto delli annedoto dei serpenti; but please correct the English and clean it up. I cannot do better in your language, so much in hurry as you are for it. Mr. M. he was a composer of music; he was very fond of serpents or snakes, and he made a very particular study in the natural history about such a kind of fearful reptiles. He very often spoke to me, desirous to show me these animals, which he nursed with care, and brooded the eggs to generate the little ones.

"At the back of his apartment there was a small garden, and next a kind of orchard court, where a merchant of chickens and fowls had a nursery of these domestic animals, which he kept from the market. Mr. M. had in his bed-room two enormous boa constrictors, which sleeped with him as two little babies, as Mr. M. was confident that not traison or mischief could come from them, so beloved and well trained by him. So he took his sleep confidently every night. But the wild ibrid animals, with a natural bad instinct for rapine and murder, were smell out their nursery prey, the poor innocent chickens, and when Mr. M. peacefully sleeped, the horrid reptiles oosed from the bed, and silently creeped to the gardens where the chickens were, killing and eating often of them. During this assault the chickens begun to *crock*, and some time the proprietor was awaked and visted the garden, and when he discovered the chicks dying and others destroyed, he began for to watch during many nights, till, what was the horror and fright of the master when, at the feeble light of the break of the day, he discovered a sterminate serpent with a large chicken strangled in its coils! At sudden he gave the alarm and called the police; all the neighbors' houses were also frightened; at last he discovers that Mr. M. was the keeper of such extraordinary nuisible things, and went to the court, where the magistrate summoned Mr. M.; but, strange to say, there was not a slight intention found on the part of the unconscious Mr. M. to give harm to anybody, and he was not at all punished for it, but only warned to take measures as to assure that the two serpents would have not in the future to make so sa romantic assays in like excursions nightly to the mild and useful race of bipeds so good for human food."

Some years later, while I was abroad, I noticed in the English newspapers an account of Chancery suit affecting my friends and their beloved snakes, and on my return, finding that they were likely to be turned out of their house, owing to a stray snake having frightened a neighbor's servant into a fit, I wrote a letter to the Times, in defence of the snakes, which will be found quoted in Dr. Romanes' book on "Animal Intelligence." In spite of my protestations, the serpents were declared to be a dangerous nuisance, and my friends were turned out, n